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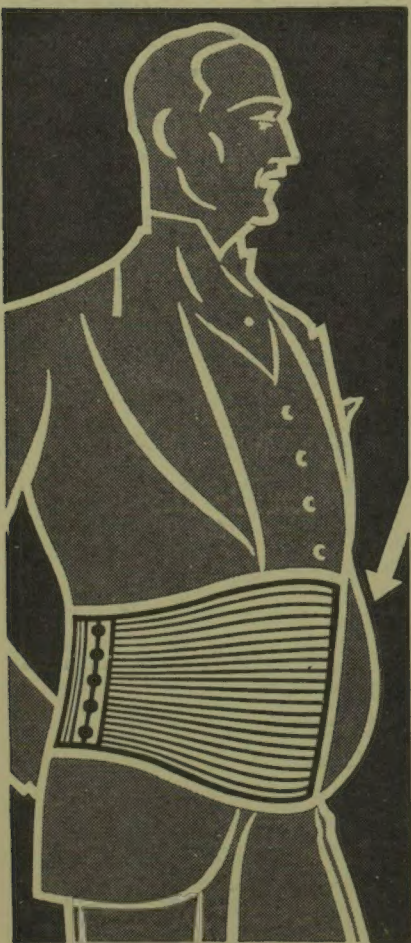


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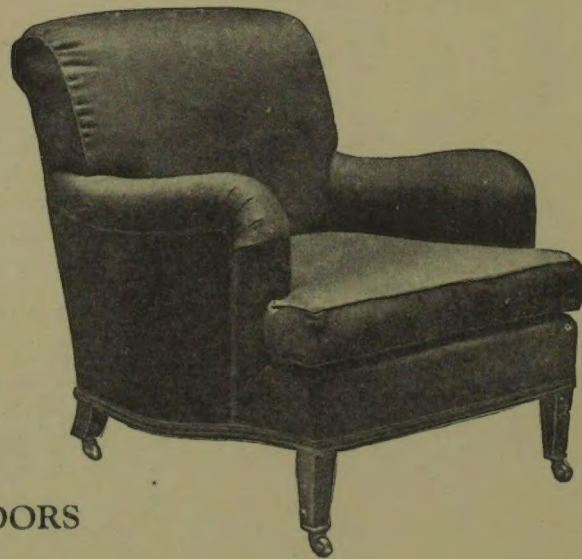
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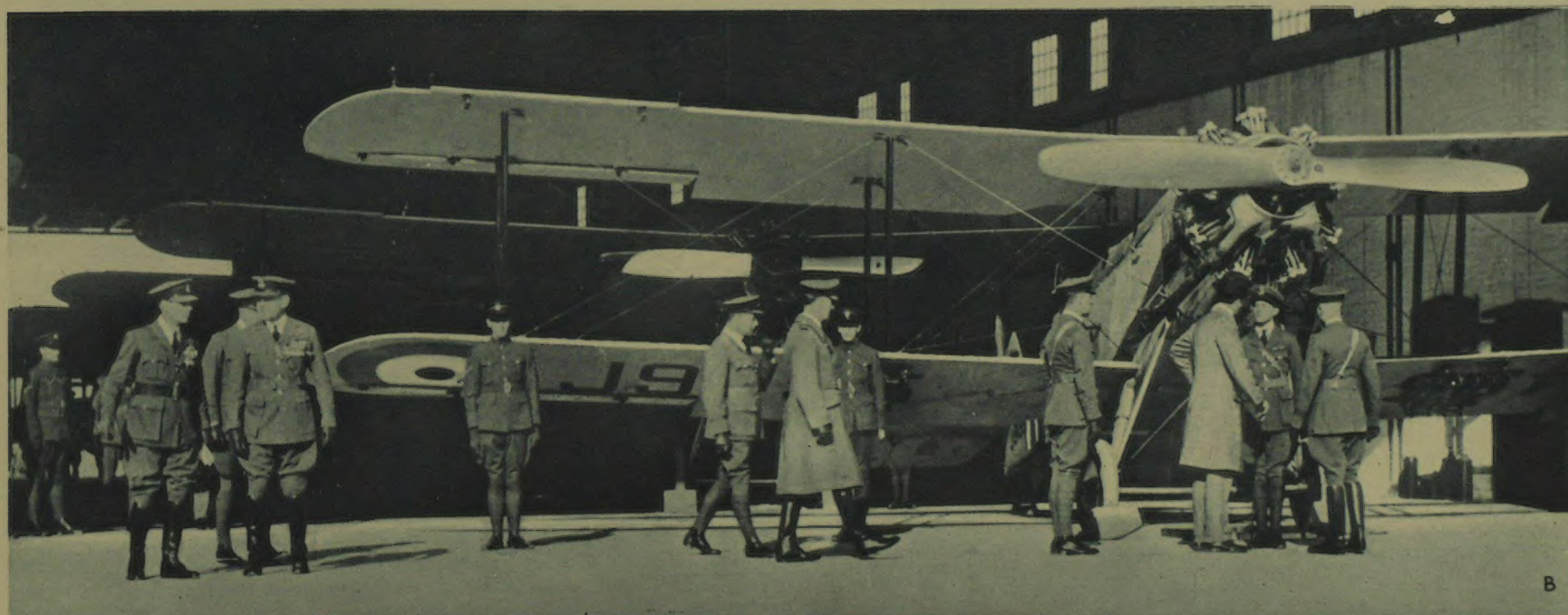
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1935.



(A) AN AIR VIEW OF QUETTA, LOOKING WEST: THE EUROPEAN DISTRICT, SHOWING (1) THE RESIDENCY (LEFT PARTIALLY STANDING IN RUINS); (2) RAILWAY SIDINGS (THE RAILWAY WAS REPORTED ONLY SLIGHTLY DAMAGED); (3) THE RACECOURSE (USED AS A CAMP FOR SURVIVORS).
(B) AT THE R.A.F. STATION, WHERE OVER FIFTY AIRMEN WERE KILLED: LORD LONDONDERRY, SECRETARY FOR AIR (THIRD FROM RIGHT), INSPECTING.

THE GREAT QUETTA EARTHQUAKE IN WHICH THOUSANDS OF LIVES WERE LOST: LOCALITIES INVOLVED.

Quetta, the important military station in British Baluchistan, was visited by a terrible earthquake in the night of May 30-31. At the time of writing, it is estimated—that some 200 or 250 British lives were lost, while the number of Indian dead is provisionally calculated as between 20,000 and 24,000, while some accounts place the total at 30,000. The lower parts of Quetta, where the R.A.F. station was situated, suffered most, and it was announced that one officer and over 50

airmen had been killed, while others were reported missing. An official statement of June 2 said that the R.A.F. barracks had been destroyed, and that Government House was "partially standing in ruins." The racecourse and the Residency grounds were used as camps for destitute refugees. Fortunately, the railways were little damaged, and services were soon resumed. Further photographs of places affected by the disaster appear elsewhere in this number.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

FOR some time past, the news from Russia has contained suggestions that the Communists have been diluting their doctrine of common ownership with treacherous tricklings of common sense. Of such news the latest is the largest, and is large exactly because it concerns what is little; the sense of small property, especially in land. I would not stoop to rejoice that Communists, or any other idealists, had weakened in their ideals; except on the suggestion that they had found better ideals. When the only case for Capitalism took the form of cynicism, it was, of course, common, not to say vulgar, to make a case against Communism merely as a form of idealism. But I have nothing but contempt for the commercialism of those cynics who only earned their Greek name by an apt fulfilment of the Hebrew text, since they did nothing but grin like a dog and go about the City. And up to a point, in this particular case, the concessions had been merely concessions to cynicism. The general course of events had been of a kind familiar enough in history. Whenever anybody establishes a revolutionary Government, it is first asked whether it can remain a Government; and then more reasonably asked whether it can remain revolutionary. And certainly revolutionary Governments have very rapidly become conservative, whether we call that the success or the failure of the revolt. America, founded on the American Revolution, and France, as founded on the French Revolution, were already fixed as the first and firmest foes of the Russian Revolution.

the best; they positively used the worst against the best. When they gave out big contracts to foreign combines, they allied themselves with all that was worst in Capitalism against all that was best in Communism—and in anti-Communism. Indeed, they attacked all that is best in humanity—including Patriotism.

It was on that occasion that Lenin, who was at least a candid and clear-headed crank, said boldly and perhaps rather bitterly, "Russia is again a Capitalist country." It was only comparatively recently, a very long time afterwards, that we began to hear any hint of concessions in the direction of small property, such as is the strength of a peasantry. The news is none the less welcome for that; and the story has a moral for other countries besides Bolshevik

ever permanently work for. I mean, of course, the only thing on the practical and political plane; but I do not in the least mean that it is a base or materialistic plane. Peasants, like other people, are sometimes selfish; but selfishness is not the soul of a peasantry, because selfishness is not the soul of anything. It is not selfishness but self-respect, or a sense of honour, that makes the family farm a thing enduring and almost indestructible. And that is exactly the difference between the case for private property as conceived by small-owners, and the case for private property as conceived by big capitalists. We might put it by saying that the merchant was like a man going to law or dealing only with lawyers. The merchant had a case; but the peasant had a cause. We might put it, more frankly, by saying that the big capitalist was shameless; but the small proprietor was unashamed.

For that is the most extraordinary but the most evident of the facts about the more corrupt commercialism. The rich began by talking about the rights of property; but they soon dropped even the phrase. Many among them did not want to bother their heads about the rights of property, when they knew in their hearts that they wanted more property than was right. It may seem odd to say that those who most advertised themselves were really ashamed of themselves. It is strange to fancy that the most brazen publicity was often rather an armour than a display. But if we wish to test the psychological truth in such cases, it will be



THE NEW FRENCH GOVERNMENT; WITH M. FERNAND BOUISSON AS PRIME MINISTER AND M. CAILLAUX AS MINISTER OF FINANCE: MEMBERS OF THE NEW CABINET IN THE PRESIDENCY GARDENS WITH M. LEBRUN.

After the fall of M. Flandin's Government on the night of May 30-31, a new Cabinet was formed by M. Fernand Bouisson, with a tendency further towards the Left. Our photograph shows the new Cabinet. In the front row (left to right) are: M. Herriot (Minister of State); M. Bouisson (Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior); M. Lebrun, President of the Republic; Marshal Pétain (Minister of State); M. Laval (Foreign Affairs); M. Caillaux (Finance); M. Laurent-Eynac (Commerce); and M. Cathala. The Cabinet also includes M. Pernot (Justice); General Maurin (War); M. Piétri (Marine); General Denain (Air); M. Paganon (Public Works); and M. Frossard (Labour).

But there is also an odd weakness of human nature, which counts for much in the matter. When an eccentric does begin to return to the centre of civilisation, it happens too often that he becomes respectable before he becomes reasonable. The enthusiast whose theory it is that man should be clothed only in matted grasses, or in the hair of the Albanian goat, may grow more moderate in later years; but he is more likely to begin by wearing a dress-coat on State occasions than a commonplace coat on commonplace occasions. The wild water-drinker, full of the wind and frenzy of the Simple Life, will be found raising a glass of champagne to drink the health of the Ruthenian Minister at a State banquet, long before he is found living the truly Simple Life of the man in the song, "on bottled beer and chops." The fanatic can sometimes be flattered into an impersonation of a man of the world, but no flattery can induce him to give us an imitation of a human being. So, in the same way, the Communist revolutionary Government began by yielding to Big Business rather than to Small Property. Indeed, it actually launched Big Business to destroy Small Property. The Communists not only used the worst sort of private ownership before

Russia; not least for our own. For we certainly, whatever our Western superiorities in some other matters, have no particular right to be Pharisaic on this particular point. The real case for the peasant was better understood in Russia before the Revolution than in England before the War. The serf had more sense of small property in Ukraina than the clerk had in Clapham. For this has been the great gap in our own great and glorious history; and we had abolished private property in practice a long time before they had abolished it in theory. And this point, at which the Communist change has ended, is the point at which all our changes ought to begin.

I do not know whether this particular change has come because Bolshevism has broken down, or because Bolsheviks have at last realised the only real way of building up. I do not know whether it will remain as an exception, forced upon extremists recoiling from an extreme; or whether it will work its way slowly through the social system because it is the only thing that will really work. But certainly it is the only thing that will ever permanently work, because it is the only thing that human beings will

enough to compare the merely plutocratic attitude with the attitude of any old-fashioned peasant, or, for that matter, any old-fashioned squire, who really does honestly believe that he has a right to his land. In him there will be no loud evasion and no vulgar hypocrisy; above all, no ghastly parody of philanthropy. The small squire or peasant will not so much offer himself as a benevolent despot, as consider himself a free man defying despotism. That spirit could still be restored in England by returning to the historic tradition of the English Yeoman, who was at one time actually regarded as the typical Englishman. To that sane social ideal, at the two extreme ends of Europe, Communism may yet return in one way and Capitalism in another. They may return more or less slowly, or, under some conditions of catastrophe, much more quickly; but there is nothing else to which to return. There are any number of humble individuals who have hammered at this simple and self-evident social fact for decade after decade, doubtless to a point of almost maddening monotony. But if it be asked why they continue to hammer, they will silently point to an incident here or there; and among them, perhaps, to a convert who is a Bolshevik Commissar.

THE KING'S 70TH BIRTHDAY: TROOPING THE COLOUR IN HIS PRESENCE.



THE CEREMONY OF TROOPING THE COLOUR IN HONOUR OF THE KING'S BIRTHDAY: HIS MAJESTY, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS FOUR SONS, TAKING THE SALUTE DURING THE MARCH-PAST ON THE HORSE GUARDS "PARADE.



THE MARCH-PAST OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER THE CEREMONY OF TROOPING THE COLOUR: HIS MAJESTY, IN THE SCARLET AND GOLD FULL-DRESS UNIFORM OF COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE IRISH GUARDS, TAKING THE SALUTE.

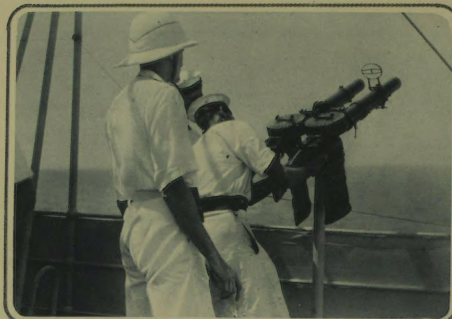
The ceremony of Trooping the Colour in celebration of the King's Birthday—his seventieth—took place on the Horse Guards Parade on June 3. It had been feared that his Majesty, who had been suffering from a slight chill during the week-end, might not be able to be present, and the decision was deferred until the morning of the ceremony. Then, to the delight of the large crowds who lined the Mall and the Horse Guards Parade, it was seen that his Majesty was riding out, followed by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke of Gloucester, and

the Duke of Kent. The latter wore the scarlet uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, his first Army rank, to which he was appointed on March 14. It was the first time that the King had been accompanied by all four of his sons at this ceremony. As he rode on to parade, the King was received with a Royal Salute. Thereafter he inspected the troops. At the end of the ceremony his Majesty placed himself at the head of the King's Guard and rode back down the Mall to Buckingham Palace.

THE ROYAL INDIAN NAVY—TO RECEIVE A KING'S COLOUR AND BE REPRESENTED AT THE JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY COURTESY

OF THE ROYAL INDIAN NAVY.



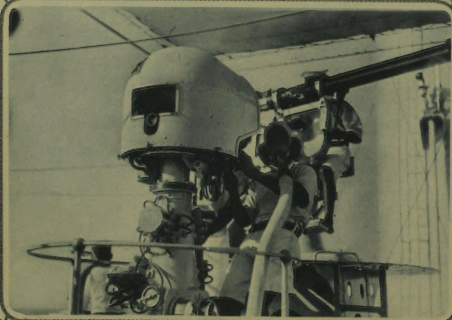
TRAINING IN THE ROYAL INDIAN NAVY (FORMERLY THE ROYAL INDIAN MARINE), WHICH WILL BE REPRESENTED AT THE KING'S JUBILEE REVIEW IN JULY: CADETS PREPARING ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS FOR ACTION IN THE "CLIVE."



GUNNERY IN THE ROYAL INDIAN NAVY: ONE OF THE "CLIVE'S" FOUR-INCH GUNS AT FULL RECOIL, JUST AFTER THE PROJECTILE HAD LEFT THE MUZZLE.



FIRE CONTROL IN A SLOOP OF THE ROYAL INDIAN NAVY: THE RANGE-FINDER AND THE DIRECTOR (RIGHT) MANNED BY INDIAN RATINGS; WITH EUROPEAN OFFICERS IN COMMAND.



THE COMPLEX MECHANISM OF A MODERN WARSHIP WORKED BY INDIAN RATINGS IN THE ROYAL INDIAN NAVY: THE DIRECTOR ON THE FIRE-CONTROL PLATFORM; WITH THE RANGE-FINDER SEEN BEHIND.



ANTI-AIRCRAFT WORK: PAIRED LEWIS GUNS IN THE R.I.N. SLOOP "CLIVE" BEING FIRED AT AN AERIAL TARGET.



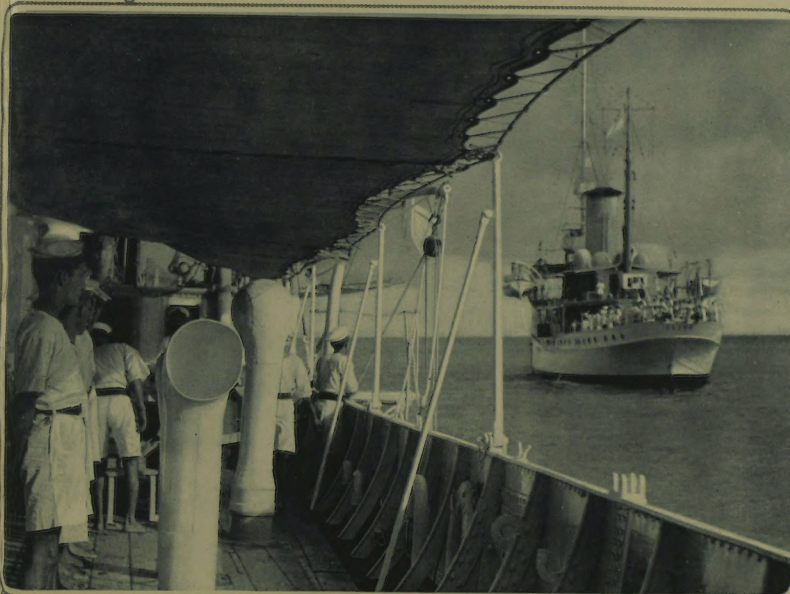
HAULING UP A BOAT: BRISK TEAM WORK IN A SLOOP OF THE R.I.N., WHOSE LOWER DECK PERSONNEL ARE DRAWN FROM THE PUNJAB AND THE KONKAN (NEAR BOMBAY).

THE India Office stated on June 3 that the King had announced his intention of presenting a King's Colour to the Royal Indian Navy, identical in design with that approved for the Royal Navy in 1924 and subsequently for the Navies of the Dominions and for the New Zealand Division of the Royal Navy. At the Naval Review at Spithead in July the Royal Indian Navy will be represented by the new mine-sweeping sloop "Indus," the first Indian warship to have flown the White Ensign in English waters. The title of the force was altered from that of "The Royal Indian Marine" in October 1934. The personnel of the lower deck of the R.I.N. is recruited almost exclusively from the Punjab, and from the Konkan coast in the Bombay district, and the seamen are Mohammedans to a man. There are already a number of Indians among the officers, including both Hindus and Muslims; though, naval training being a lengthy process, it will be some time before

(Continued below on right.)



SHIPS OF THE ROYAL INDIAN NAVY RETURNING TO BOMBAY AFTER A GUNNERY COMPETITION: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM ABOARD THE "CLIVE," IN WHICH REAR-ADMIRAL BEDFORD WAS THEN FLYING HIS FLAG.



THE ROYAL INDIAN NAVY PUTTING TO SEA: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AS THE SHIPS SET OUT FOR THE ANNUAL COMPETITION FOR THE GUNNERY SHIELD.—THE FLAGSHIP "CLIVE" SEEN ON THE RIGHT.

the fleet is officered by any large proportion of Indians. The Royal Indian Navy made its first appearance outside Indian waters within a week or two of its official birth. The sloop H.M.I.S. "Hindustan" visited Australia last autumn for the Melbourne centenary celebrations. "This example, soon to be followed at Spithead," writes a "Times" correspondent, "is an omen of possibilities which are perhaps even less calculable than appear at first sight. A self-contained Navy with a base in the Indian Ocean might well ease some of our problems of naval strategy. But whatever the future may hold, the way has now been laid wide open for India to develop into an Asiatic power at sea." Besides the new sloop, the "Indus," and the "Hindustan," already mentioned, the R.I.N. comprises the sloop "Lawrence," "Clive," and "Cornwallis," all armed with 4-inch guns and having speeds of about fifteen knots, besides patrol vessels and other craft. All the ships of the R.I.N. fly the White Ensign.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



RESPLENDENT PLUMAGE AND ITS ORIGIN.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE time is now with us for observations on birds in their amorous moods, and there is no better field for such observations than the Gardens of the Zoological Society, for here will be found a vastly greater range of types than could possibly be found in our own countryside. But just now I am thinking not so much of their behaviour under the urge of mating, as of the immensely varied, and often extravagant, ornamentation which is, in so many cases, worn only at this time.



THE SUMMER-DUCK OF NORTH AMERICA AND CUBA—FEMALE (LEFT) AND MALE: A SPECIES NEARLY RELATED TO THE MANDARIN, BUT OF TOTALLY DIFFERENT COLORATION.

In the summer-duck (*Ex sponsa*) the upper parts are mainly glossy green, with purple checks and black neck patches, relieved by white stripes on the face and neck. The breast is chestnut, with white spots. The wing-coverts are partly blue. The duck lays buff-tinted eggs in holes in trees.

Darwin was the first to endeavour to find an explanation of this matter of ornamentation, and included in his survey not merely birds, but animals of all kinds, in his stimulating theory of "Sexual Selection." But this covers too wide a field for a single essay. Hence I will confine myself to birds. He was captivated by birds of gorgeous plumage, such as the peacock, the golden and argus pheasants, and birds of paradise, each of which, in its moments of erotic ecstasy, displays its resplendent vestments after its own fashion, and in such a way as to leave one no escape from the conclusion that the performer was making a deliberate effort to ensure that nothing of their glory should be lost.

The peacock erects his train and approaches his mate backwards, so that she sees nothing but a huge, nearly circular, grey screen. Then he suddenly turns and faces her, and, uttering a loud scream, sets all the train feathers rattling like falling rain on leaves. The argus pheasant makes of his wings a huge, circular, saucer-shaped disc, studded with great eyes, and marvellously coloured flight-feathers. And here the whole body is completely concealed behind the screen. The golden and amherst pheasants, on the other hand, behave very differently. Each, it will be remembered, has a wonderful "Elizabethan frill" round the neck, and long, beautifully marked tail-feathers. The display is here made "broadside." And the collar round the neck is twisted round so that the whole is shown on this display side, while the tail-feathers are spread out on this side. What other conclusion can we come to than that the performer has some sort of consciousness of his finery, and of the best way to display it? I may be reminded that all birds, even those of drab hues, in their amorous moods, express their pent-up feelings in posturings of some sort. This is true. This inherent effort to express their emotions at this time, forms the first link in the chain leading up to the elaborate displays governed by what is to be displayed, to which I have just referred.

Darwin focussed attention not so much on the mode of display, as on the often extravagantly developed, and often gorgeously coloured, plumage. And he contended that this came into being as a result of "Sexual Selection," wherein the female chooses as mate that male from among her suitors whose vestments pleased her most. But there are many objections to this interpretation. To begin with, it has to be assumed that there is, or was, material for such choice. For we should have to assume that the early ancestors of the peacock or the argus pheasant gave but little evidence of the nascent splendours which later generations were destined to wear, and, furthermore, that they differed sufficiently among themselves to afford opportunities for rejecting the advances of all but the gayest of her generation. But if a thousand peacocks, or a thousand argus or

golden pheasants were compared to-day, they would all be as like as two peas. Have we any reason to suppose they were less stable, in this regard, than to-day? Moreover, the "eyes" of the feathers of the peacock, or the argus pheasant, must, on his assumption, have varied in shape, as well as in the intensity of their coloration. And this being so, then the females must all have had a like standard of what shape and coloration such "eyes" should be. What factor, or agency, then, *did* determine the shape and coloration of these superbly beautiful feathers? These are questions more easily asked than answered.

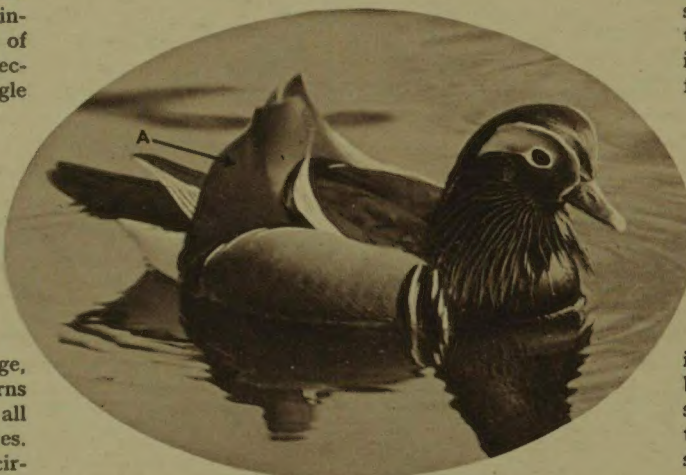
It is a noteworthy fact that some groups of birds are more prone to develop vivid coloration than others; e.g., the kingfishers, bee-eaters, rollers, parrots, sun-birds, and humming-birds. Of these there are but few species which can

is seen in the large, upstanding, black-and-chestnut "fan" formed by the innermost of the flight feathers, or secondaries. What could have given rise to such a freakish development?

As a rule, among birds where there is a resplendent plumage, this is worn only by the males; the females retaining the dull ancestral coloration. And this is true of the ducks. The sheld-duck, or sheldrake, I may be told, forms a conspicuous exception to this rule. But, as a matter of fact, this is not a true duck, since it holds an intermediate position between the ducks and the geese. But though the two sexes are conspicuously and vividly coloured, the female is somewhat duller, and she lacks the scarlet protuberance at the base of the beak which forms so striking a feature in the adult male. When both sexes are brightly coloured, the young are commonly distinctly dressed. They wear, in fact, for a brief space, the livery which was once that of their ancestors, and of dull hue. But young sheldrakes are almost as brightly coloured as the female adult. Cases of this kind furnish us with an insight into the course of the evolution of resplendent plumage, which in some cases has become a permanent dress, while in others it is worn only as a "nuptial" plumage, and is replaced at the autumn moult by one of drab hues.

Here we find a clue of no small value in this task of unravelling the mystery of the development of "purple and fine linen." For it would seem to have begun through the action of those mysterious secretions which we call hormones, whose activities so commonly find expression in the surging-up of the sexual activities. Somehow, yet to be discovered, they seem to bring about either a clarification and intensification of the pigments lodged in the developing feathers, or in changes in the structure of the surface of the feather resulting in "interference-colours" with their exquisitely beautiful iridescence, changing constantly with the incidence of the light, as in the case of the peacock's train, or in our kingfisher. Always it begins with the male. And not, apparently, till this strange distillation has reached the "saturation point" in him does it begin to affect the female in like manner, and finally the young.

I have traced here only the broad outlines of this theme, which demands more intensive study than it has yet received. But there is much more yet to be done before we can possess ourselves of the whole story. How, for example, are the pigments of coloration formed, and how, and when, are they deposited so as to produce the often exquisite gradations of light and shade and pattern seen, for example, in the outer flight-feathers of the argus pheasant? When we have discovered at what stage this coloration of the feathers is determined, we shall have made a great advance in this problem of coloration. But we shall still have to account for "hypertrophied" growth such as is seen in the wing-feathers of the argus pheasant, or the "fan-feathers" of the mandarin-duck.



HYPERTROPHY OF A SINGLE FEATHER IN THE MANDARIN-DUCK: THE STRANGE UPSTANDING, FAN-LIKE WING-FEATHER (A) OF CHESTNUT AND BLACK.

The mandarin-duck (*Ex galericulata*) of East Asia is remarkable for the general beauty of its coloration, and for the strange "fan" formed by the innermost of the flight-feathers. The curious crest glows with purple, copper and green, while the neck-ruff is formed of narrow chestnut feathers streaked with white.

be called "drab"-coloured. In some parrots even the beak is brightly coloured, and here it is red. Among the ducks we get many species presenting coloration of great beauty. But here that beauty lies not so much in hues of striking brilliance as in harmonious blendings, as in the mallard, teal, and widgeon. But there are one or two outstanding types, such as the mandarin-duck. Here we have another of many instances where a single feather has become "hypertrophied." This

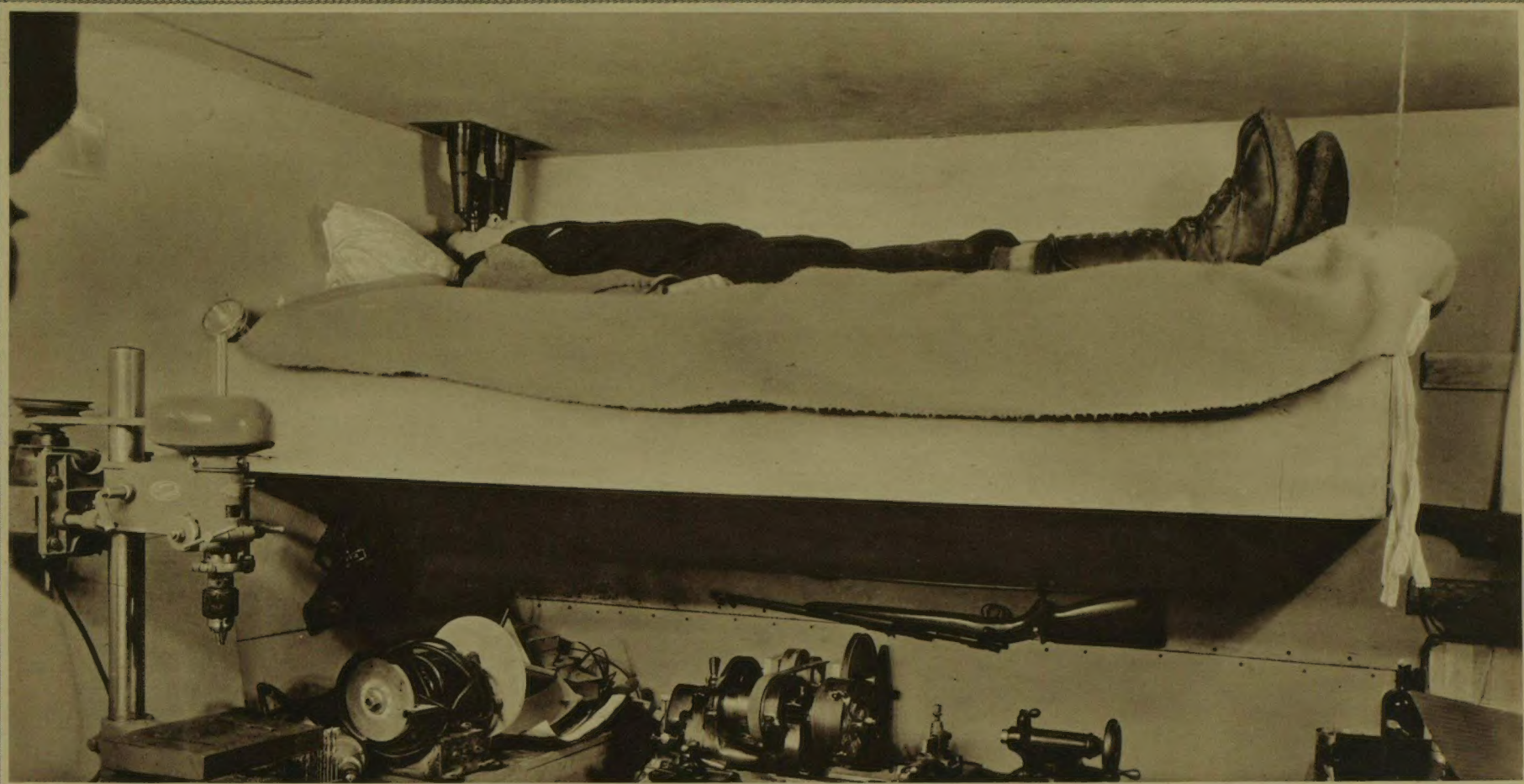


THE STEAMER-DUCK, OR LOGGER-HEAD, OF A MOTTLED ASH-GREY ABOVE, WITH WHITE INNER WING-QUILLS AND ORANGE-YELLOW BILL AND FEET: A BIRD WHICH LOSES THE POWER OF FLIGHT AFTER ITS FIRST MOULT.

Darwin found this bird (*Tachyeres cinerea*) in great numbers in the Falklands. They travel at speed over the water by beating the sea with their wings, recalling the paddle-wheels of early steamships. They feed on seaweed and molluscs among the rocks near the shore, and are remarkable for the density of their bones. Darwin found it difficult to break their skulls, even with his geological hammer.

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PHASES OF ANTARCTIC ASTRONOMY: SUPINE AND "HEADLESS" OBSERVATION.



HOW SCIENTISTS IN ANTARCTIC "LITTLE AMERICA" COMBINED STUDY WITH THE MAXIMUM COMFORT: DR. T. C. POULTER, SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE LATEST BYRD EXPEDITION, OBSERVING METEORS FROM HIS BUNK THROUGH A HOLE CUT IN THE CEILING.

THESE interesting photographs show how members of the recent Byrd expedition, in their headquarters at Little America, were able to mitigate the rigours of astronomical observation in the Antarctic. The "Bear of Oakland," Rear-Admiral Richard Byrd's ship, recently returned to Washington, where the Admiral and his colleagues were warmly greeted by Mr. Roosevelt and cheering crowds of spectators. In the course of over twelve months in the Antarctic, the expedition has accomplished much work of scientific importance in the fields of geography, geology, biology, and meteorology. In spite of the very arduous and often hazardous nature of the work, it was accomplished without loss of life. During the time spent at the Bay of Whales, where the expedition's base camp in Little America was pitched, two hundred thousand square miles of territory were added to the possessions of the United States. The chief geographical object was to discover whether any land connection existed between Marie Byrd land and the main Antarctic Continent. A 650-mile flight by Admiral Byrd determined the existence of such a connection, and this is the territory which he presented to the United States. The base camp at Little America was the most elaborate ever set up on the ice. It had electric light, power, and telephones, a well-equipped science laboratory, a weather observation station, a wireless station and broadcasting plant, medical facilities, a machine shop, a tailoring establishment, and a carpenter's shop. Admiral Byrd himself flew from there to a shack 123 miles farther south, where he spent four and a half months in solitude, from March to August 1934, engaged in meteorological research. The expedition returned with material for years of study.



STUDYING THE HEAVENS WITH THE HEAD, WHILE THE BODY REMAINS IN THE WARMTH OF THE CAMP: MEMBERS OF THE BYRD EXPEDITION'S SCIENTIFIC STAFF OBSERVING METEORS FROM A SUSPENDED PLATFORM, WHILE A THIRD TAKES THE NOTES.

THE FALLEN STAR.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"SIR WALTER RALEGH": By EDWARD THOMPSON.*

(PUBLISHED BY MACMILLAN.)

"HE, being dead, yet speaketh." Of no man was this ever more true than of Walter Raleigh. Posterity has never tired of trying to explain this strangely enigmatic personage; nevertheless, in some aspects of him he remains unexplained. He captures the imagination by the diversity of his talents, the contradictions of his character, and the hardihood of his exploits—but most of all, perhaps, because he was the epitome of an age. Mr. Thompson rightly calls him "the Last of the Elizabethans," and observes that when his capricious mistress, "whom Time surprised," had left the scene, the world had passed him by, and it would have been better for him if he had departed with it. There was no place for him in the new polity, and his doom was already encompassed by his enemies and his rivals. The rest of his life was a desperate struggle against adversity, with no chance of success. Yet that struggle was to count for something in the years that followed, and men were to remember in the hour of crisis the afflictions which were put upon the Last of the Tudors by the First of the Stuarts, and upon a Man of Devon by an alien Scot.

Raleigh, whom Englishmen to-day think of as a patriot, twice stood trial for high offences against his country. This paradox alone would be enough to make him a figure of pity, which deepens into indignation when, from our modern point of view, we think of his first trial as one of the darkest blots on English justice. We must not forget that a treason "trial" in the seventeenth century was not a "trial" at all in our sense of the word. It was merely a formal process by which a person who had become dangerous or embarrassing to the Crown—i.e., the Government—was "liquidated." So far as "due process of law" was concerned—so far as he was presumed guilty before he had the least chance of establishing his innocence—Raleigh was in no worse case than many other spectacular victims of the law of treason. But the trial has always been peculiarly odious to later generations, partly because of the indecent ferocity of the prosecution, and partly because the motives which lay behind this political manoeuvre were unusually sinister, even for the times. James I.'s desire for peace with Spain would be more convincing, if he had not had such an unblushingly interested motive (the Spanish Marriage); nevertheless, the general policy of settled peace with Spain may have been right. But it cannot have been right that Raleigh, a devoted servant of his country (whatever his faults), should have been sacrificed to that policy, first by flimsy subterfuges, and second by deliberate treachery. The cynicism of the whole proceeding is best shown by the rewards which the contrivers of his downfall received from Spain. Such, at least, is Mr. Thompson's contention, and on this point we do not think that his facts are open to serious challenge.

Yet, when Raleigh was brought to trial in 1603 by the machinations of Cecil, Lord Henry Howard, and James, he had scarcely a friend; nor has he had over-many among historians. All are agreed upon the extraordinary unpopularity which he had brought upon himself at this stage of his life. Part of this antipathy, no doubt, was due to jealousy; his rise under Elizabeth had been intoxicatingly rapid, and he had not borne greatness modestly. He was "damnable proud." There were dark sides to his character which Mr. Thompson only partly palliates. "It is horrible to remember Raleigh in Ireland"; but then, "it is horrible to remember any Elizabethan in Ireland." There was more than perfunctory humility in his own moving confession on the scaffold concerning the days of his magnificence. "Of a long time, my course was a course of vanity. I have been a seafaring man, a soldier, and a

courtier, and in the temptations of the least of these there is enough to overthrow a good mind and a good man." And, after all, his proud estate was founded on plunder—not that plunder was condemned by the morality of his age. He was greedy, though not more so than most of his generation and of his circle. He could palter with truth, and for this defect he has been severely handled by some historians. He could even cringe, though reluctantly, and only, as we believe, for the sake of the long-suffering wife who shared every drop of his bitter cup. He was all his life suspected of "atheism," though he lived down that charge. In his curious *Instructions to his Son and to Posterity*, he revealed a hard and sordid outlook which leaves a

The test-case of Raleigh's "honesty" is, of course, his last voyage to Guiana. Nobody has ever seriously supposed that he was guilty of the charges brought against him at his first trial, but there has been much controversy about the Orinoco expedition and the genuineness of Raleigh's defence. Mr. Thompson, pursuing lines of inquiry suggested by Dr. V. T. Harlow's researches, examines the evidence in greater detail than we can here follow. His general conclusion is that Raleigh never (as has been so frequently alleged) deceived the King into thinking that the area of the supposed gold-mine (or mines) was empty of Spaniards, or that it was possible to achieve the object of the expedition without some conflict with Spanish subjects. Mr. Thompson

holds (as Raleigh himself asserted) that the King betrayed the entire enterprise to Spain, at the same time violating a secret understanding which had been made between him and Raleigh. The Last Voyage, in short, was nothing but a trap to ensnare the victim whom Gondomar was demanding for Spain. Raleigh "was being sent out with permission to try to effect an impossibility, on terms that his life should pay for failure." If this be a correct interpretation, the conclusion is that, from Raleigh's own point of view, the expedition was "worse than a crime, it was a blunder." It illustrates Mr. Thompson's remark that "like many men of genius, Raleigh had no 'common sense.'" But it also illustrates the fact, which comes as no surprise to any student of the period, that James I. had no common decency.

The victim was offered up, and proved in the end to be too costly a sacrifice. Raleigh upon the scaffold is a picture, and a voice, which live for ever in English memory. The man was revealed in his full stature. Once before, when he had stood on trial for his life, he had turned hatred and envy into pity and respect. Now, going to his death upon the same old charge of treason, which all the world knew to be false, he rose to heights of dignity which left men humble and amazed. Even at his trial his judges had spoken of him in terms of respect and almost of regret. No longer was he pelted with the savage vituperation of Coke; and his very accuser called up the picture of a life of tragic vicissitude, likely to dwell long in men's imaginations; when he said: "Sir Walter Raleigh hath been a statesman, and a man who in regard of his parts and quality is to be pitied. He hath been a star at which the world hath gazed. But stars may fall, nay, they must fall when they trouble the sphere wherein they abide." Or, as another account has it: "You have lived like a star; and like a star you must fall when the firmament is shaken." The nation which had reviled this High and Mighty wept at the splendid gesture of his ending, and if there had

been a Marc Antony to cry

"Thou art the ruin of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times,"

even at that moment the Stuart throne might have trembled. As it was, Raleigh passed at once into legend, much to the discomfiture of an unstable royal line and an untenable theory of government. In this one victim, plain men saw all the tragedy of putting trust in princes. There was to be another shaking of the firmament; and, as Professor Trevelyan (quoted by Mr. Thompson) has said: "The ghost of Raleigh pursued the House of Stuart to the scaffold."

It is, in Hamlet's phrase, "an honest ghost," who comes to life most vividly in Mr. Thompson's vigorous and scholarly pages. We have said nothing here of Raleigh's remarkable qualities as an artist, but we commend this volume as a study not only of a political figure, but of a lord of language. Such indeed Raleigh was, and Mr. Thompson justly claims for him a place among the greatest of our prosaists. The suggestion (well supported) that he had a special influence on Milton is interesting and, so far as we are aware, new. It is worthy of attention, like all Mr. Thompson's suggestions in this book.

C. K. A.



A COROT BOUGHT FOR THE NATION AND PRESENTED TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM: "FLORE, RUE DE L'HÔTEL DE VILLE 110"—A PENCIL DRAWING 11½ IN. BY 9 IN.

At the annual meeting of the National Art-Collections Fund, on May 29, Sir Robert Witt, who presided, announced that the Fund had purchased this Corot drawing, and was presenting it to the British Museum. The drawing, for which £400 was paid, was bought at the sale of the Heseltine collections at Sotheby's, to which we devoted two pages in our last week's issue.

disagreeable impression—unless, as we are inclined to think, he was merely following a literary convention in the mood of *jeu d'esprit*. Ill-fortune dogged him from the moment that he lost Elizabeth's favour through his unsanctioned marriage. "Few men had crueller luck in life than Raleigh. But ill-luck is rarely all luck. His intellectual gifts went with stupidities which lesser men never fell to. He never readjusted himself to shifting times, but remained the magnificent Elizabethan when all but the name of that epoch was dead, and, indeed, long after it had died. Europe was passing into its modern phase. He, the historian, . . . could not see it when others could."

All this conceded, Mr. Thompson's admiration for the essential Raleigh is undiminished, and he champions him vigorously against the strictures of such writers as S. R. Gardiner. "From a study of his life and writings I am left with the conviction that he was far the most honest man of his time. . . . He is crystal clear beside the Cecils and Howards." And again: "When the worst has been said against him, he belongs to a different world from that of the Cecils and Bacons; and mankind will less and less be in any peril of confounding him with them."

* "Sir Walter Raleigh, the Last of the Elizabethans." By Edward Thompson, Leverhulme Research Fellow, History. (Macmillan and Co.; 15s.)

HERMOPOLIS FRESCOES: THE SAME FIGURE IN GREEK AND EGYPTIAN DRESS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR SAMI GABRA, DIRECTOR OF THE EGYPTIAN UNIVERSITY EXCAVATIONS AT HERMOPOLIS. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE NEXT PAGE.)



FIG. 1. A WALL-PAINTING FROM A WOMAN'S TOMB AT HERMOPOLIS, IN MIDDLE EGYPT, WITH THE DECEASED REPRESENTED IN EGYPTIAN COSTUME, FOLLOWED BY HER KA, OR SPIRIT SELF (ON LEFT): A CONTRAST TO THE FIGURE OF THE SAME WOMAN IN GREEK DRESS (FIG. 2 BELOW).



FIG. 2. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE ABOVE FRESCO IN THE SAME BUILDING: ANOTHER REPRESENTATION OF THE DEAD WOMAN—THIS TIME IN GREEK DRESS AND RECEIVING LUSTRATIONS FROM THOTH AND HORUS; WITH HER KA ON THE RIGHT, AND ANOTHER PAINTING OF HER IN GREEK ATTIRE BEYOND.

The above photographs illustrate Professor Gabra's article on the following page describing his new discoveries at Hermopolis, in Middle Egypt, some 375 miles south of Alexandria. These two wall-paintings, both found in the same house (Fig. 5 on the next page), show the curious occurrence of the same figure—a

funerary portrait of a woman—depicted now in Greek, and now in Egyptian dress, in scenes where she presents herself before Osiris, accompanied by her ka, or spirit self. This remarkable alternation of costume exemplifies a period of transition when Greek influence was prevalent in Ptolemaic Egypt.

A TRANSITION PERIOD IN PTOLEMAIC EGYPT.

FRESH EVIDENCE OF GREEK INFLUENCE IN MIDDLE EGYPT:
DISCOVERIES IN ARCHITECTURE AND WALL-PAINTING
AT THE COSMOPOLITAN CITY OF HERMOPOLIS.

By PROFESSOR SAMI GABRA, Director of the Egyptian University Excavations at Hermopolis. (See illustrations on the preceding and opposite pages.)

Previous discoveries made at Hermopolis by the Egyptian University Expedition during the last five years were described and illustrated by Professor Gabra, Director of the excavations, in our issues of March 4, 1933 and April 21, 1934. In the following article he records the very interesting results of last season's work. The illustrations are numbered to correspond with references in his article, in numerical order beginning on the preceding page



FIG. 3. A STRUCTURE BELIEVED TO BE THE DROMOS, OR SACRED WAY, LEADING TO A SUBTERRANEAN GALLERY DEDICATED TO THOTH, THE PATRON DEITY OF HERMOPOLIS; A NEWLY DISCOVERED COLONNADE ON THE SITE OF THAT CITY.

IN the outlying districts of Middle Egypt, Greek civilisation was gradually gaining ground in the third century B.C. In Hadrian's reign (117-138 A.D.) it had penetrated among ruling classes and even among the people of small trades, such as drapery, merchandise, and stone-cutting. This fact has been proved by epitaphs engraved in Greek on tombs which were built in an Egyptian style of architecture and decorated by a cornice with an Egyptian "gorge" surmounted by the royal uræus. The Greek language became the official language of the country and the language for business throughout the Near East. The Egyptian language died out; it was written in Greek letters and, during the first century A.D., it gave place to the Coptic language, which brought Christianity in its train. Customs and habits of Greece and Egypt intermingled. Greek colonists adapted themselves to provincial life and ended by fusion with the Egyptians.

It was only in religious worship that ancient Egypt retained its rites. Cosmopolitan cities such as Hermopolis and its sacred western quarter, where the excavations of the Egyptian University have been continued during the last five years, offer in this respect a very impressive and curious picture of this period of transition, wherein is reflected the soul of a people hesitating and tormented. The discovery of the *Œdipus* fresco at Hermopolis last year, in a building at the necropolis, afforded ground for assuming the considerable influence of Greek civilisation in this province of Middle Egypt far away from Alexandria. This hypothesis has now been confirmed by the new discoveries of last winter. Indeed, by pursuing a plan which consisted of establishing as accurately as possible the ancient topography of Hermopolis West, the great City of the Dead, we have had the good fortune to unearth a curious building (Fig. 5) which is very interesting from two points of view—architecture and decoration.

The façade of the building is in the shape of an Egyptian pylon with its *torus* mouldings, but the door is surmounted by a triangular pediment framed by two pilasters in Græco-Roman style. The house is built of mud-brick, coated with stucco imitating shaped stones. It is composed of four vaulted rooms, two of which are entirely covered with paintings representing religious scenes, such as the voyage of the solar boat and the ceremonies of embalming. The first floor also consists of four rooms, of which only the foundations are left.

In the first chamber, which was a public room and had not the religious characteristics of the second chamber or sanctuary, where is situated a tomb at the bottom of a shaft, the artist had been inspired in the decoration of the dado with the style favoured by the school of Alexandria (Fig. 7). We see a coating of marble covering the lower part of the walls, whereas in the second chamber the dado resembles the slot-holes (grooves) of the Egyptian false door (Fig. 6). In the same way, the dead woman, when presenting herself before Osiris, king and god of the west, is dressed sometimes in Greek style—that is, the contemporary fashion of her time—and sometimes in traditional Egyptian costume (Fig. 1). In her Greek dress (Fig. 2) her body is moulded in an almond-green sheath-like garment, with pointed *décolleté* front, and covered with a red tunic in the fashion of a princess, the dress being held in place by a strap on the left shoulder. The sleeves, half-length, are trimmed with dark green ribbons. The hair is left loose and falls on the shoulders. It is a very elaborate costume of a type suggesting freedom of movement—one might even say sporting—in strange contrast to the stiff and constrained attitude assumed by the same woman when represented in Egyptian attire (Fig. 1). In the ceremonies, both Greek and Egyptian, the deceased is followed by the shadow of her double (her *ka*, or spirit self), of which the head only has any sign of life.

In the second chamber (Fig. 6) we find scenes of embalming and the presentation of the mummy to Osiris; but here again we notice curious things which reveal a spirit of hesitancy and a certain amount of incoherence in the interpretation of the Book of the Dead. The funerary shaft, ten metres deep, which should have contained the mummy, had unfortunately been violated, but we have been able to recover some statues lying on the ground in the second chamber, among which is a very picturesque "Harpocrates" (Fig. 4). He wears a cone-shaped head-dress, reminding one of the Chinese hat. His curled hair falls on his right shoulder and one of his fingers is raised towards his lips. But the attitude is so curious and the expression on the face is so malicious that one wonders whether he is demanding silence or simply wishes to suck his finger, previously dipped in a pot which he holds with his left hand.

In following the plan of the reconstruction of the city we have cleared streets and squares which are seen to have been admirably traced, in spite of the encroachments from which they eventually suffered. The streets are straight, but not wide. They are lined with houses which are built in rough, whitewashed bricks. These houses consist of a ground floor and a first floor. The entrance is placed under the arch of an external staircase which leads to the first floor.

The latter consists generally of a reception-room and an alcove, both of which are decorated with Dionysiac scenes or a coating of marble.

Squares which are larger and more important seem to have been reserved for richer people, as can be judged by the temples built in stone. This sacred city of Hermopolis West, which from the beginning of our work seemed full of promise, has not disappointed us, for during this year we have been presented with another problem by the discovery of a colonnade (Fig. 3) actually 75 metres (over 80 yards) in length and extending under a mound of sand 12 metres (nearly 40 ft.) in height. This colonnade is composed of horizontal stone slabs measuring 1 m. 30 (over 3 ft.) in length; and on each of these stands a vertical stone pillar. Each block, thus constructed, is separated from the next one by a space of 60 centimetres.

The order in which these stones are placed suggests the existence of a *dromos* (a type of sacred way) similar to the one discovered by Mariette round the Serapeum at Memphis about half a century ago. We can thus suspect the presence of a subterranean gallery consecrated to the ibis, the bird symbolic of the god Thoth, who was venerated at all times by the Egyptians and was the particular patron of Hermopolis.

This problem, which is one of considerable interest to archaeologists and historians, may perhaps be solved during our next campaign of excavations.



FIG. 4. AN EGYPTIAN DEITY ADOPTED BY THE GREEKS: A STATUETTE OF HARPOCRATES (THE CHILD HORUS) FOUND IN THE SECOND PAINTED CHAMBER (FIGS. 6 AND 7) OF THE HOUSE SHOWN HERE IN FIG. 5.

Harpocrates was the Greek name of the child Horus, an Egyptian deity. In Egyptian mythology the child Horus was a form of Horus, the sun-god, son of Osiris and Isis, and was represented in sculpture with a youthful curl at the side of his head and one finger pointing to his mouth, as a gesture of childhood. The Greeks and Romans, misunderstanding this attitude, made him the god of silence (Ovid, *Metamorphoses* IX, 691).



FIG. 5. THE NEWLY DISCOVERED HOUSE AT HERMOPOLIS CONTAINING THE WALL-PAINTINGS ILLUSTRATED ON THE OPPOSITE AND PRECEDING PAGES: THE FAÇADE AND DOOR, COMBINING AN EGYPTIAN PYLON WITH GRÆCO-ROMAN PEDIMENT AND PILASTERS.

GREEK INFLUENCE ON EGYPTIAN ART: TRANSITION FRESCOES AT HERMOPOLIS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR SAMI GABRA. (SEE HIS ARTICLE OPPOSITE.)



FIG. 6. WITH A DADO IN EGYPTIAN STYLE, REPRESENTING VERTICAL LINES OF AN EGYPTIAN FALSE DOOR: A WALL-PAINTING IN THE SECOND CHAMBER OF THE HOUSE SHOWN IN FIG. 5 (OPPOSITE PAGE) SHOWING (ON RIGHT) THE SACRED SOLAR BOAT UPHELD BY A STANDING FIGURE BELOW.



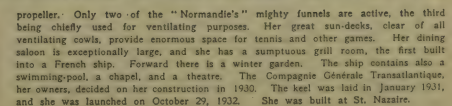
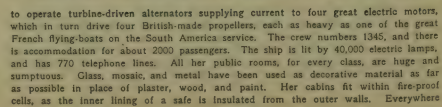
FIG. 7. GREEK AND EGYPTIAN ART IN THE SAME BUILDING FOUND AT HERMOPOLIS: (IN THE FOREGROUND) THE FIRST CHAMBER IN THE PAINTED HOUSE, WITH ALEXANDRIAN MARBLE DADO; (IN BACKGROUND, THROUGH THE DOORWAY) THE SECOND CHAMBER, WITH ITS EGYPTIAN DADO AS IN FIG. 6.

Greek and Egyptian motives in art are visible side by side in the two rooms, covered with wall-paintings, shown in the above photographs. They form part of the interior of the building shown in Fig. 5 on the opposite page. The difference in style is particularly noticeable in the designs of the dado in the

two rooms. That of the first chamber is of the Alexandrian type, while in the second chamber the dado design is purely Egyptian. As Professor Gabra explains in his article, these frescoes belong to a period of transition in Middle Egypt, when Greek art and language were becoming dominant there.

THE ATLANTIC" ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: THE "NORMANDIE."

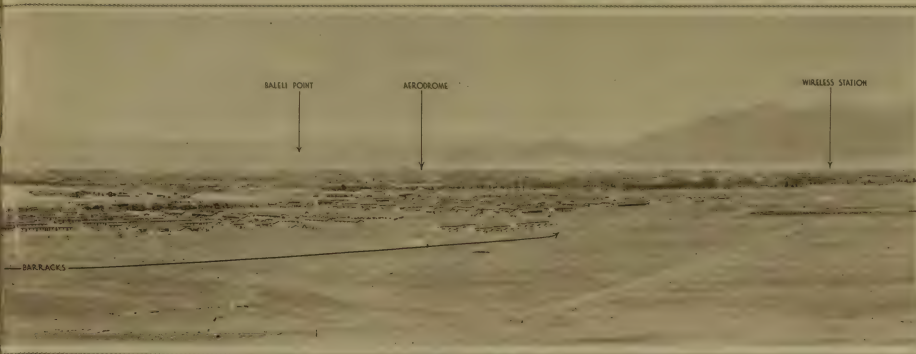
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WHERE A GREAT EARTHQUAKE KILLED HUNDREDS OF BRITISH AND THOUSANDS OF INDIANS: QUETTA, THE STRICKEN CITY.



QUETTA AND THE SURROUNDING TERRITORY, THE SCENE OF THE RECENT VIEW LOOKING WESTWARD TOWARDS AFGHANISTAN, AND SHOWING LOCALITIES THE AERODROME, WHERE THE ROYAL AIR FORCE STATION



EARTHQUAKE DISASTER ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA: A PANORAMIC VIEW LOOKING WESTWARD TOWARDS AFGHANISTAN, AND SHOWING LOCALITIES MENTIONED IN THE REPORTS, INCLUDING QUETTA CITY ("COMPLETELY DESTROYED"), SUFFERED HEAVY CASUALTIES, AND (IN THE FOREGROUND) BARRACKS.



QUETTA FROM THE AIR: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY LOOKING EASTWARD, SHOWING SANDEMAN HALL (THE LARGE DOMED BUILDING SITUATED IN AN OPEN SPACE NEAR THE CENTRE).



THE MAIN STREET OF QUETTA, IN WHICH FIRES BROKE OUT AFTER THE SHOCK OF THE EARTHQUAKE: A TYPICAL ASPECT OF BRUCE ROAD, WITH ITS SHOPS AND FRONTAGES OF WESTERNISED TYPE.



WHERE THE ROYAL AIR FORCE SUFFERED HEAVILY: THE OFFICERS' MESS AT THE R.A.F. STATION AT QUETTA, WHOSE BUILDINGS AND HANGARS WERE ALL RAZED TO THE GROUND, WITH GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.



QUETTA FROM THE AIR: ANOTHER VIEW, SHOWING THE POLICE HEADQUARTERS (A LARGE OBLONG BUILDING), BY THE COLLAPSE OF WHICH THE POLICE FORCE WAS PRACTICALLY WIPE OUT.



THE STAFF COLLEGE, WHICH ESCAPED UNDAMAGED: THE PRINCIPAL MILITARY BUILDING AT QUETTA, WHICH IS THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE WESTERN COMMAND.



PART OF THE INDIAN QUARTER AT QUETTA REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN WIPED OUT: ONE OF THE BAZAARS, WHERE FIRE COMPLETED THE HAVOC OF THE EARTHQUAKE.



THE KABARI BAZAAR AT QUETTA: ANOTHER SECTION OF THE INDIAN QUARTER, WHERE FIRE BROKE OUT AFTER THE MAIN SHOCK AND RAPIDLY CONSUMED THE DEBRIS OF WRECKED BUILDINGS.



WHERE MORE THAN FIFTY MEN OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE LOST THEIR LIVES: THE R.A.F. STATION AT QUETTA, WHICH WAS COMPLETELY LAID IN RUINS—A WESTWARD VIEW FROM THE AIR.

The havoc caused by the earthquake that devastated Quetta and the adjacent region on the night of May 30-31 proved to have been still worse than was apparent from the first reports. In a statement issued by the Government of India on June 2 we read: "The whole of Quetta City has been destroyed and is being sealed under military guard from to-day on medical advice. It is estimated that 20,000 corpses

remain buried under the debris. There is no hope of rescuing any more living. The corpses exhumed and buried number several thousand, but exact figures are unobtainable. There are about 10,000 Indian survivors, including 400 injured." (Here it may be noted that the normal population of Quetta was stated afterwards to have been about 40,000.) Continuing, the same official statement said: "All houses in the civil area have been razed to the ground except Government House, which is partially standing in ruins, and also the Murree Brewery (indicated in the above panorama at the top of these two pages). In the cantonment area one quarter of the buildings have been destroyed; the remaining three-quarters are

slightly damaged and inhabitable. Most of the damage was done in the Royal Air Force area, where the barracks have been destroyed, and only six machines out of twenty-seven are serviceable. Hanna Road and the Staff College area are undamaged. . . . The Indian Military Hospital has treated 3500 patients in the last 24 hours. The Cantonment Hospital has treated over 2000 and detained 200. Refugee camps have been established on the racetracks. . . . The situation is reported well in hand, but owing to the fact that nearly all subordinate civil officers and police were killed, the Agent to the Governor-General has asked the military authority for assistance in carrying on the administration." Tribesmen who appeared in the devastated area bent on looting were

promptly arrested by the troops. Thousands of refugees were evacuated by train. There was no lack of food or of hospital facilities. The police force was practically wiped out by the collapse of their barracks. Later reports mentioned a second shock and a mountain landslide, while the total dead in Quetta City were officially estimated at 26,000.

THE QUETTA DISASTER: PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE EARTHQUAKE ZONE.



THE RAILWAY AT QUETTA, BY WHICH THOUSANDS OF REFUGEES WERE EVACUATED AND RELIEF WORKERS BROUGHT IN: A TYPICAL CROWD OF NATIVE PASSENGERS AT THE STATION.



INSIDE THE R.A.F. BARRACKS AT QUETTA, WHICH WERE DESTROYED BY THE EARTHQUAKE: SLEEPING QUARTERS, SHOWING (IN CENTRE) ONE OF THE RIFLE RACKS KEPT IN EVERY BUILDING IN CASE OF EMERGENCY.



AT THE R.A.F. STATION IN QUETTA, WHERE ABOUT 50 AIRMEN WERE KILLED AND 60 INJURED: A GROUP OF PERSONNEL ON THE AERODROME, WITH A LORRY AND CARS.



A CASTLE BELONGING TO THE KHAN OF KALAT WHICH WAS REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN COMPLETELY DESTROYED BY THE EARTHQUAKE, THOUGH THE KHAN AND HIS FAMILY, WHO WERE AT QUETTA, ESCAPED INJURY: THE MIRI PALACE, IN THE HILLS NEAR QUETTA.

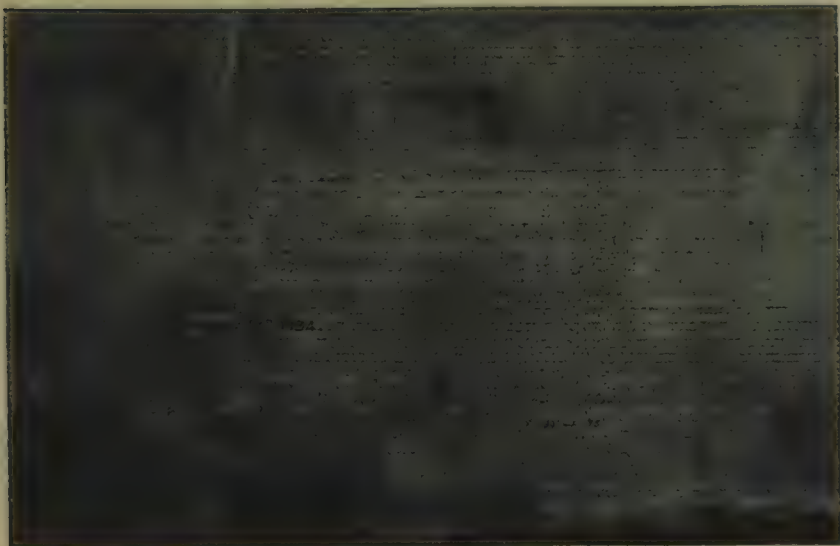


TWO NOTABILITIES WHOSE NARROW ESCAPES WERE REPORTED: H.H. THE KHAN OF KALAT (LEFT) AND SIR NORMAN CATER (CENTRE), WITH MR. C. P. SKRINE—IN 1933.

The R.A.F. casualties in the Quetta earthquake were first given as 1 officer and 43 airmen killed, and 20 or 30 missing. On June 3 the Air Ministry named three more killed, and issued a revised casualty list in which 11 airmen originally reported missing appeared as "killed." A later statement gave 1 R.A.F. officer and 59 other ranks as injured. A Press report of June 1 stated: "A telegram from the Government of India says that Kalat town and Miri Palace are reported flat and many people have been killed. His Highness the Khan and his family are safe in Quetta." Another report said: "When the civil station at Quetta

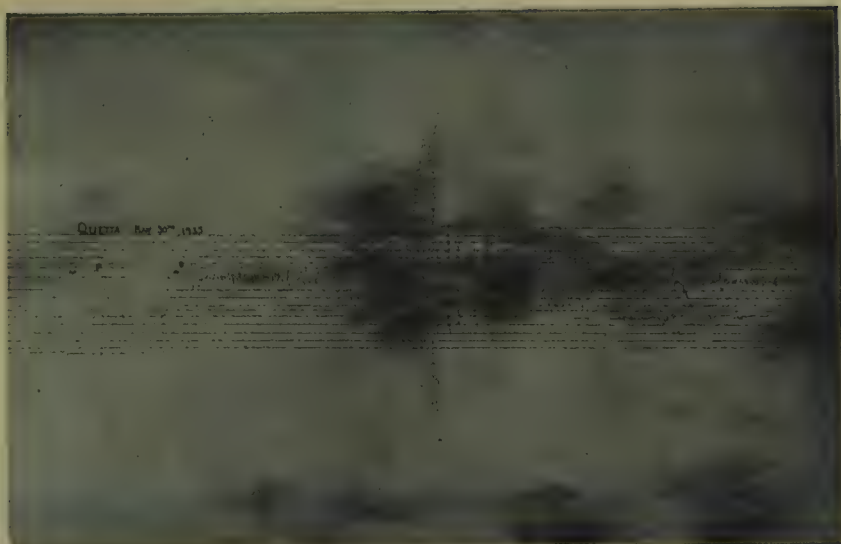
collapsed, Sir Norman Cater, Agent to the Governor-General in Baluchistan, had a very narrow escape. The first shock set all his electric light pendants swinging. He called to all to make for the doorways. When the building crashed like a pack of cards, the door frames remained standing. Sir Norman's presence of mind undoubtedly saved his own life and the lives of those with him." On June 2 it was reported: "Thousands of refugees are leaving Quetta by rail. The railways are virtually intact. Meanwhile trains from Lahore and Karachi are crowded with relief workers."

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF THE WEEK.



THE INDIAN EARTHQUAKE OF JANUARY 1934 AS RECORDED BY THE SEISMOGRAPH AT WEST BROMWICH: A MORE VIOLENT DISTURBANCE THAN THAT SHOWN BY THE RECORD OF THE RECENT QUETTA DISASTER.

Mr. J. J. Shaw, C.B.E., Secretary of the British Association Seismological Committee, sending us the seismographical record of the Quetta earthquake, with that of last year's great Bengal earthquake for comparison, notes that the latter was considerably the more violent. He adds: "In the record the commencement or 'Primary' is marked by the letter P; and the 'Secondary' (a slower type of wave) by the letter S. The amount of time by which the slower secondary waves have lagged behind the primary is a measure of the distance that the waves have travelled. . . . The first wave of the Quetta record was timed in at West Bromwich at 9 hours



THE QUETTA EARTHQUAKE OF MAY 1935 AS RECORDED BY THE SEISMOGRAPH AT WEST BROMWICH: THE DISASTROUS SHOCKS RECORDED 3720 MILES FROM THEIR PLACE OF ORIGIN IN BALUCHISTAN.

42 minutes 23 seconds (Greenwich time) on the evening of May 30. . . . The actual time of occurrence was 3 hours 3 minutes 2 seconds on the morning of May 31. Here we have the anomaly of the record being made in England on the day before the earthquake occurred. These waves pass on and arrive at the furthestmost point on the earth's surface in 20 minutes 18 seconds; and from this moment the whole earth is pulsating, as every seismograph shows, and in a slow diminuendo comes to rest several hours later." The Quetta earthquake, we may add, was also recorded well by the seismograph at Messrs. Selfridge's.



THE THREAT TO THE FRANC: A QUEUE OF ALARMED PARISIANS AT THE BANK OF FRANCE WAITING TO CONVERT THEIR MONEY INTO GOLD.

The French economic and political crisis, which centred round the falling value of the franc, came to a head in the night of May 30-31, when M. Flandin's Government, seeking plenary powers to deal with the situation, was defeated with a hostile majority of 151 and forthwith resigned. M. Flandin himself, whose arm was recently broken in a motor accident, made an



THE FRENCH MINISTERIAL CRISIS: M. FLANDIN, WITH HIS ARM IN A SLING, LEAVING FOR THE CHAMBER TO MAKE HIS PLEA FOR CONFIDENCE.

impassioned appeal for confidence, and at the end of his speech was taken ill and fainted in the lobby. In the debate M. Paul Reynaud made a strong speech in favour of devaluation and of a National Ministry. His advice, in the latter respect, could not be taken, owing to the refusal of various Parties to co-operate. The new Government itself fell on June 4.



THE 250TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ROYAL FUSILIERS: A SPECIAL SERVICE HELD IN THE WESTERN MOAT OF THE TOWER OF LONDON, TRANSFORMED BY THE SCENERY BEING USED IN THE TOWER PAGEANT AND TATTOO.

The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the raising of The Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment) was celebrated on June 2 by a special service held in the Moat of the Tower of London. The Lord Mayor of London was to have been present, but he was unable to attend, and his place was taken by Alderman Sir T. Vansittart Bowater, who, with other Aldermen and Sheriffs, occupied the Royal Box in state. There was a large and representative congregation,

who had much to admire in the beauty of the parade and its setting. The troops taking part numbered over 1500, and consisted of the 2nd Battalion The Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment); a detachment from the Depot, The Royal Fusiliers; 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th City of London Regiments (The Royal Fusiliers); and 1st C.B., The Royal Fusiliers. The officer commanding the parade was Major-General W. P. H. Hill, Colonel of The Royal Fusiliers.

EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: ROYAL AND OTHER OCCASIONS.

More than four thousand men, women, cadets, and recruits of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, from the No. 1 (Prince of Wales's) District, were reviewed by Major-General the Earl of Athlone in Hyde Park on June 1. Lord Athlone, who was accompanied by Lord Scarbrough, General Sir John Duncan, and Major-General Sir Percival Wilkinson, paid a high tribute to the smartness and self-sacrifice of the corps. It is interesting to note that, in the past year, the St. John Ambulance Brigade has much increased its activity in training for poison-gas work.



MAJOR-GENERAL THE EARL OF ATHLONE REVIEWS MEMBERS OF THE ST. JOHN AMBULANCE BRIGADE IN HYDE PARK: AN INSPECTION OF A CORPS WHICH IS TAKING INCREASING INTEREST IN POISON-GAS WORK.



F. J. PERRY WINS ANOTHER CHAMPIONSHIP: THE FINALISTS, WITH THE UMPIRE, AT AUTEUIL.

F. J. Perry beat G. von Cramm (right), the German holder, in the final of the French Lawn Tennis Championships at the Stade Roland-Garros on June 2. He won by three sets to one (6-3, 3-6, 6-1, 6-3). He is now Champion of Great Britain, U.S.A., and France. It is the first time the French title has been won by a British player. Perry beat Crawford in the semi-final.



THE PRINCE OF WALES FOUNDS THE NEW BUILDING OF THE ROYAL EMPIRE SOCIETY.

On June 3 the Prince of Wales laid the foundation-stone of the new building of the Royal Empire Society, on the site in Northumberland Avenue which the Society has already occupied. His Royal Highness read a message from the King. With him on the dais were Sir Archibald Weigall, the Bishop of Salisbury, Sir Herbert Baker, the architect of the new building, and the Mayor of Westminster.



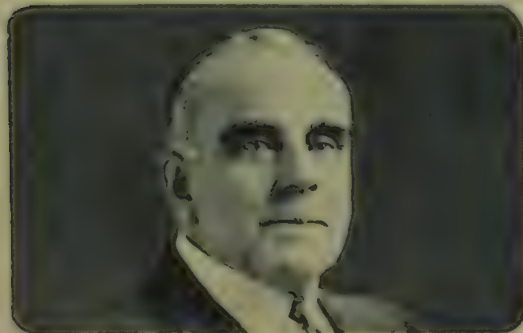
THE GERMAN SPECIAL COMMISSIONER ON DISARMAMENT ARRIVES IN LONDON: HERR VON RIBBENTROP.

Herr von Ribbentrop, the German Special Commissioner for Disarmament questions, who has been accorded ambassadorial rank by Herr Hitler, arrived in London on June 2, having travelled by air from Berlin. His purpose was to engage in preliminary discussions with the British Government on the subject of relative naval strengths. He was received by Sir John Simon on June 3.



MR. CECIL GRAVES.

To become Controller of Programmes of the B.B.C. when Colonel Dawnay resigns from that post in September. At present, Director of Empire and foreign broadcasting services. Joined the B.B.C. in 1926. A nephew of the late Lord Grey, and inheritor of his Fallodon estate.



MR. CARLTON DAWE.

The novelist and dramatist. Died May 30; aged sixty-nine. Travelled widely, and wrote the Far Eastern tales "Yellow and White," "Kakemonos," and "A Bride of Japan." Creator of the popular character, Leathermouth. Author of the plays "The Black Spider" and "Brother Bill."



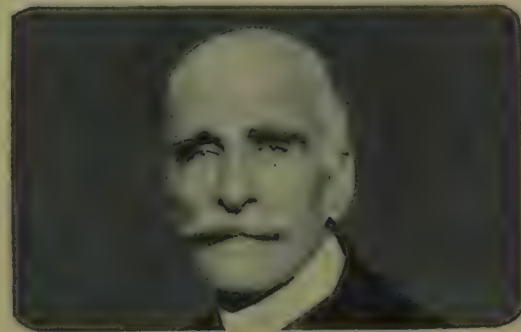
THE LADIES' AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS WANDA MORGAN, THE WINNER (LEFT), AND MISS PAM BARTON.

On the Royal County Down links on May 30, Miss Wanda Morgan (Rochester and Cobham Park) won the Ladies' Amateur Golf Championship, beating Miss Pamela Barton (Royal Mid-Surrey) by 3 and 2 in the thirty-six-hole final. It was the first time that Miss Morgan had won the Championship, although she has been in the first flight of women golfers for some years.



SIR JOHN SANDEMAN ALLEN.

Conservative M.P. for the West Derby Division of Liverpool since 1924. Died June 3; aged sixty-one. For many years prominent in marine insurance. Chairman of the Federation of Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire. Was knighted in 1928 for his political and public services.



SIR ALMERIC FITZROY.

Clerk of the Privy Council from 1898 to 1923. Died May 31; aged eighty-three. Chairman of the Departmental Committee on Physical Deterioration in 1903, and a member of several other important Committees and Commissions. Author of a Life of the first Duke of Grafton.

CELEBRATING THE SILVER JUBILEE AT LADYSMITH: A ZULU WAR DANCE.



A ZULU WAR DANCE IN HONOUR OF THE ROYAL JUBILEE, WITH CHANTING AND STAMPING AND THE BRANDISHING OF STICKS AND SPEARS: TWO TRIBES IN A COMBINED DANCE; THE CHIEF ON THE RIGHT WAVING A UNION JACK.



NATIVES WHO CAME FROM FAR AND NEAR TO WATCH THE CEREMONIES OF JUBILEE DAY: PART OF A CROWD KEENLY INTERESTED IN ONE OF THE DANCES AT LADYSMITH.



CHIEFS OF ZULU TRIBES PRESENTING THEMSELVES TO THE NATIVE COMMISSIONER ON ARRIVAL AT LADYSMITH: TYPICAL PARTICIPANTS IN THE LOYAL CELEBRATIONS FROM AMONG HIS MAJESTY'S AFRICAN SUBJECTS.



"GWALA" BETWEEN DANCES: ONE OF THE CHIEFS, WITH A FLAG OF THE UNION AMONG HIS PLUMES, DRINKING A NATIVE BEER—MADE BY FERMENTING MEALIES—ITS INTOXICATING QUALITIES CONDUCIVE TO FINE DANCING!



LOYALTY TO THE CROWN EXPRESSED IN THE FORM OF A PIERCED FARTHING HANGING FROM THE FOREHEAD: A NATIVE WOMAN DRESSED IN HER 'BEST' FOR THE OCCASION.

In our last issue we showed how the Masai of Tanganyika Territory gathered to celebrate the Royal Jubilee on May 6; and here, further south in his Majesty's African dominions, are seen Zulus assembled at Ladysmith, Natal, to honour the King and express their loyalty in tribal war dances. A large arena was kept clear for the purpose, and then, turn by turn, each visiting tribe presented its dance. To begin with, each was usually quite quiet, but before long most of them were in a state of frenzy. Chanting and stamping, waving sticks and

shields, the dancers passed backwards and forwards, each tribe with its chief in front, working his way to and fro along the ranks. Between the dances the various tribes were given "gwala" to drink—a beer made by fermenting mealies, strong enough to add enthusiasm to the next dance! When the ceremony was over, ten oxen and hundreds of gallons of "gwala" were apportioned out among the dancers, who feasted to their hearts' content before returning home. No doubt, like the Masai, the Zulus would welcome a Royal Jubilee every year.

THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION TONS OF GRANITE BLOWN UP BY GUNPOWDER.



THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION TONS OF GRANITE BLOWN UP BY TWENTY TONS OF GUNPOWDER: THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AT THE BONAWA QUARRIES, ARGYLLSHIRE, WHEN THE BIGGEST MINE EVER EXPLODED IN A BRITISH QUARRY SENT PART OF A MOUNTAIN "SKY HIGH."



PREPARATIONS FOR THE BIG BLAST: WORKMEN PACKING EXPLOSIVE INTO THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE BEFORE THE EXPLOSION, WHICH PROVIDED MATERIAL FOR AT LEAST FIVE YEARS' WORK AT THE QUARRY.

AT the Bonawe Quarries, near Taynuilt, Argyllshire, on May 31, there was fired the biggest mine ever exploded in a British quarry. Twenty tons of explosive were used and 750,000 tons of granite were brought down—enough, according to Major Struthers, who was in charge of the operations, to keep the quarry busy for at least five years. Eighteen months of preparation for the blast were, in a few seconds, crowned with complete success. Extraordinary precautions had been taken in the village. Houses near the quarry were evacuated, and, throughout the village, pictures and mirrors were taken down from walls, crockery removed from shelves, and everything breakable was put in a place of safety. When the mine was fired, there was at once a low rumble from the 500-foot-high quarry face, then the ground trembled, a ripple passed over the nearby waters of Loch Etive, and finally, with a tremendous roar, the whole cliff fell outwards, and the scene of the explosion was shrouded in dense clouds of dust and fumes.



ACCURATE TIMING FOR THE EXPLOSION: MEN AT THE FIRING POINT, ONE OF THEM WITH A CLOCK, AWAITING THE SIGNAL FOR PRESSING THE STARTING LEVER.

THE 1935 DERBY: FAVOURITE AND WINNER—BAHRAM THE UNBEATEN.



NAMED AFTER AN OMAR KHAYYAM HERO: BAHRAM, THE DERBY WINNER, ONE OF THE AGA KHAN'S THREE RUNNERS, WHICH BECAME RESPECTIVELY FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD FAVOURITE—A UNIQUE OCCURRENCE.

One feature of special interest in connection with this year's Derby was the fact that the Aga Khan ran three horses—Bahram, Halran, and Theft, which were respectively first, second, and third favourite on the eve of the race—a unique position for the same owner. Their starting prices, however, were—Bahram, 5 to 4; Halran, 5 to 1; and Theft, 100 to 8. As noted on our double-page illustrating the finish, Bahram (by Blandford—Friar's Daughter), which was first favourite, proved the winner—this despite the fact, no doubt observed by the superstitious, that he bore the number 13 among the sixteen runners. Bahram was ridden by Fred Fox, who had won the Derby of 1931 on Cameronian. Like the other two of the Aga Khan's horses, Bahram was trained by Frank Butters, and it was noted as being much to the trainer's credit that all three

went to the post on June 5 in an equal condition of fitness. Bahram, who is so far unbeaten, had never previously been to Epsom, and had never taken part in a race in public over the distance of the Derby course. He had, however, defeated all the rivals he had met at Newmarket, York, and Goodwood, and had already won one of the season's "classic" races, namely, the Two Thousand Guineas. It may be recalled that in 1930 the Aga Khan won the Derby with Blenheim, though his other horse in that race, Rustom Pasha, had been much more fancied. Thereafter he decided that in a Derby he would run any horse that had claims to inclusion: hence his three runners this year. The winner's name occurs in Omar Khayyam, thus: "Bahram, that great Hunter—the wild ass Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep."

THE 1935 DERBY: THE AGA KHAN'S UNBEATEN BAHRAM WINS, WITH HIS HAIRAN AND HIS THEFT UNPLACED.



THE FINISH OF THE GREAT RACE: BAHRAM PASSING THE POST TWO LENGTHS

The 1935 Derby—"The 152nd Renewal of the Derby Stakes," to give the race its official title—was run on June 5 and, as we record on the preceding page, was won by the Aga Khan's unbeaten Bahram, the favourite, which started at 5-4. Sir Abe Bailey's Robin Goodfellow (trained by H. L. Cottrill

and ridden by T. Weston) was second. It started at 50-1. Lord Astor's Field Trial (trained by J. Lawson and ridden by R. Dick) was third. It started at 9-1. The Aga Khan's Hairan started at 5-1. His Theft, which was fourth, started at 100-8. Sixteen ran. The time was 2 minutes.

FRONT OF ROBIN GOODFELLOW, WITH FIELD TRIAL THIRD AND THEFT FOURTH.

36 seconds. In this connection, it is interesting to quote an "Evening Standard" writer on the mile-and-four-furlongs course. "The Derby course may appear to be a queer one upon which to decide the most important of all races. The explanation is that it tests every quality in a racehorse.

There is half a mile or so of uphill from the start; then a turn and the descent to Tattenham Corner, where balance and perfect action are tried to the extreme. Another sharp turn and then the steady rise to the winning post upon which every ounce of courage has to be given."

THE 1935 DERBY: THEIR MAJESTIES IN THEIR BOX; AND THE GREAT BEND.



1. FIELD TRIAL LEADING AT TATTENHAM CORNER; WITH THE AGA KHAN'S BAHRAM FIFTH FROM THE RIGHT, AND HIS HAIRAN THIRD FROM THE RIGHT.
 2. THE ROYAL BOX: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT; PRINCESS NICHOLAS OF GREECE (MOTHER OF THE DUCHESS OF KENT); THE DUKE OF YORK; PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE; THE DUCHESS OF KENT; THE DUCHESS OF YORK; THE QUEEN; THE DUKE OF KENT; THE KING; AND (RIGHT) THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

The weather on Derby Day was so unsettled that it was feared that the King might not be able to go to Epsom as he had announced his intention of doing on the previous evening. Happily, however, his Majesty found it possible to risk the chance of showers, and decided to attend the meeting. Among the other royal visitors was the Duchess of Kent, who witnessed her first Derby. With

regard to the upper photograph on this page, we may draw attention to the position of two of the Aga Khan's three runners, Bahram, the ultimate winner, and Hairan, well placed for the run in. Field Trial, which came in third, is leading. As mentioned elsewhere, it is on the descent to Tattenham Corner, the most famous bend on any race-course, that a horse's balance and action are severely tested,

"NORMANDIE" WINNING THE "BLUE RIBAND": A RECORD MAIDEN VOYAGE.



THE NEW £10,000,000 FRENCH LINER ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, DURING WHICH SHE BROKE ALL RECORDS: THE "NORMANDIE" SEEN FROM THE DECK OF THE "CHAMPLAIN" (PARTLY VISIBLE IN THE FOREGROUND).



THE START FROM HER HOME PORT: AN AIR VIEW OF THE GIANT FRENCH LINER "NORMANDIE" LEAVING LE HAVRE, WITH TWO ENGLISH PILOTS ABOARD, FOR SOUTHAMPTON, TO BEGIN HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO NEW YORK.

A new giant French liner "Normandie" (whose interior construction we illustrate double-page) arrived at New York on June 3 after her maiden voyage by which she won the "blue riband of the Atlantic." She had broken all Atlantic records—the fastest crossing—2971 miles from the Bishop's Rock, Scilly—made in 4 days, 3 hours; average speed 29·98 knots; and an average of 31·55 knots from noon on June 2 to midnight on June 3 for the longest day's run—754 miles in 23 hours 45 minutes. From the English Roads to the Ambrose Light—3192 miles—was

4 days, 11 hours, 42 minutes, representing an average speed of 29·64 knots. The "Normandie" achieved these feats despite the fact that she "nursed" her engines, slowed down for 11 hours on June 1 owing to a broken condenser tube, and used the longest summer route to avoid icebergs. The three previous Atlantic records were made by the Italian liner "Rex" (Gibraltar to New York, 3181 miles; speed 28·92 knots), the German "Bremen" (Cherbourg to New York, 3199 miles; 28·51 knots), and the British "Mauretania" (Ambrose Light to Plymouth, 2973 miles; 27·22 knots).

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN Derby week a reviewer's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of sport and the animal world. It is not, however, with that noble creature, the horse, that I am at present concerned, but with a book by a famous nature-photographer that tells me of wild life in many lands, including the biggest and the fiercest of beasts, namely, "ADVENTURES WITH ANIMALS AND MEN." By Cherry Kearton. With forty-four Photographs by the Author (Longmans, Green; 12s. 6d.). I have encountered a good many works of this type, and among them some by the same author; but here, I think, Mr. Kearton has really surpassed himself as well as his competitors. His pages, indeed, proved so beguiling, in particular those recounting his narrow escapes from "tooth and claw" and other perils, that I found it difficult to shut the book in time to inspect the others on my list.

Mr. Kearton seems to be one of those men who, in the old phrase, bear a charmed life. Recalling some tales he told round a camp fire under Kilimanjaro, during the war in "German East," he writes: "One was about the taking of a film of a lion-spearing expedition by the Masai Another concerned a time when a hundred African buffalo stood waiting to attack me; and another described an adventure in India when I crawled alone down a tunnel through dense undergrowth to get a close-up portrait of a tiger. . . . I have been chased by rhinos and elephants, I have been attacked by deadly beetles and ants as well as by lions, I was in the gondola of the first airship that flew over London, I was present at the capture of Antwerp by the Germans, and I fought for three years in German East Africa—my war experience being continually punctuated by adventures with wild animals. I have been chased by that dangerous creature, the buffalo, in three continents, America, Asia, and Africa; a herd of stampeding elephants has charged around a tree in which I was hidden during a tropical storm, a deadly snake has crawled under my knees while I sat on the ground. I have had adventures on the cliffs of Ireland and Scotland as well as in the forests of Borneo." Details of these and other "close calls" are given in the present volume.

Not only are Mr. Kearton's reminiscences thus exceptionally rich in escapes from tight corners, but he can also claim to be the actual pioneer of nature photography. As a boy among the Yorkshire moors, he tells us, he developed inventiveness, love of open country, and curiosity about wild creatures, but no career offered scope for all these qualities. Accordingly, before he was eighteen, he invented one. "I went into the woods and the fields," he writes, "photographing birds with a camera which I had myself adapted to that special purpose. Up to that time, books and articles on natural history were always illustrated with drawings; the camera was never used for that purpose until my brother Richard and I began in 1892 the work which resulted three years later in the publication of a book on British Birds' Nests A science which began with the picture of a thrush's nest in a wood near Enfield has grown until every living creature in every country of the world has 'sat for its portrait' to the photographer or the cinematographer. And that enormous development arose from the purchase by me, in 1889, of a second-hand camera for which I paid the sum of fourteen shillings."

After the story of his four years' campaigning in East Africa, Mr. Kearton skips the subsequent period (covered in his other books), except for one important chapter on "wild-life 'story' films." His revelations of faked sensationalism should not be overlooked by the controlling authorities. "I could have been as ingenious as anyone," he writes. . . . "But I love animals, and those of Africa especially. . . . Nor am I for a moment prepared to countenance cruelty to animals. Some of the things done in the preparation of these films are unspeakable. . . . Though to some extent a reaction has now—I am glad to say—set in, it would still be very advisable if a qualified naturalist with photographic experience among wild animals could be appointed as censor of all films in which animals play a part." In his own nature-film work in Africa, for over thirty years, Mr. Kearton has combined true realism with humanity. Even so, the process did not lack thrills, for the photographer at any rate, as when a big crocodile missed him by six inches!

I am not surprised at Mr. Kearton's dictum that nature-photography as he has practised it himself, before

the "safety first!" period) is the finest sport in the world. "Nowadays," he adds, "many of its adherents render themselves so safe that the finest element of sport is entirely lacking. I hope that this book may show those people who plan to photograph wild animals from protected motor-cars that they are missing most of the real thrills. It may show also that a knowledge of animal life leads directly to a love of wild creatures, a desire to protect them and preserve them, and a realisation that the harmless camera can provide every thrill that accompanies the gun. To-day more people than ever before are declaring themselves lovers of peace. Is it too much to hope that, when we have finally ceased to want to kill each other, we shall also lose the craving which leads too many people to the unnecessary slaughter of animals?"

In our own country, animal-lovers are more restricted in their range of friendships, but not, I think, less devoted

dogs are treated nowadays with almost as much care as children. Consequently, "there is more and more demand for the veterinary surgeon. The colleges cannot turn out qualified men and women (for this is one of the professions very suitable for our girls to take up) quickly enough." Emergencies may occur, however, when there is no "vet." within call or no time to fetch one, and in such a case the counsel and instruction provided in this encyclopædia may prove invaluable. "Whatever changes may come in fashions," says an epilogue, "the information contained in these pages is the best that can be obtained, for both the history of the breeds and the medical and other practical advice have been supplied by acknowledged leaders in their various branches of knowledge." Among the principal contributors, mentioned on the title-page, are Major Hamilton Kirk, M.R.C.V.S., A. Croxton Smith, Capt. E. A. V. Stanley, Mrs. Gatacre, the Hon. Florence Amherst, and Lady Edith Windham.

One particular branch of canine management is treated in a new addition to that useful series, "The Sportsman's Library," whose aim is to supply at a modest price volumes written by experts on the principal sports and pastimes. This one is entitled "GUN DOGS AND THEIR TRAINING." By Atwood Clark. Illustrated (Philip Allan; 5s.). The author begins by picturing how the age-old alliance between man and dog in hunting originated in prehistoric times. To this series also belongs "RIDING AND HORSEMANSHIP." By William Fawcett, Hunting and Racing Editor of *The Field*. Illustrated (Philip Allan; 5s.). Mr. Fawcett is not among those who believe that the horse is doomed to extinction, despite the fact that "a can of petrol provides us with a speedier mode of travelling" in these hustling days. "There are more people riding to-day," he declares, "than ever before . . . for it is generally admitted that as a means of enjoying good health 'the outside of a horse is the best for the inside of a man.'" He recalls that, when railways were invented, people predicted that the horse would soon become as extinct as the dodo. He thinks, however, that if we could return to earth a century hence, "the horse would still be found in man's service," even if railways had disappeared and the motor-car were a museum piece, while the aeroplane had become the only means of transit. Two other new volumes of the Sportsman's Library, equally attractive, are "SEA FISHING." By Major D. P. Lea Birch; and "COARSE FISHING." By A. J. Rudd, both illustrated (Philip Allan; 5s. each).

Those who combine love of nature with zest for the business of killing will enjoy a new edition of what is evidently a classic of Scottish deer-stalking—"THE HIGH TOPS OF BLACK MOUNT." By the Marchioness of Breadalbane. Republished by her Executors with a Foreword and two additional Photographs. With Illustrations from Photographs by Mrs. Olive Mackenzie of Ord (Blackwood; 7s. 6d.). The spirit of camaraderie in the chase likewise permeates a book that will appeal strongly to Lincolnshire sporting folk and agriculturists—"FARMING AND FOX-HUNTING." By Geo. E. Collins ("Nimrod Junior"), author of "The History of the Brocklesby Hounds," etc. With a Foreword by the Earl of Yarborough, K.G., P.C. Illustrated (Sampson Low; 10s. 6d.).

That out of India come other things than political controversy is evidenced by "PARSIS AND SPORTS"; and Kindred Subjects. By H. D. Darukhanawala. Compiled under the guidance of two well-known members of the Parsi community, Dr. M. E. Pavri, J.P., and Mr. J. R. B. Jeejeebhoy. With a Foreword by the Hon. Sir H. M. Mehta. (Published by the author, P.O. Box 279, Bombay. 3500 copies. Rupees 3/8 each.) This is a kind of biographical dictionary, fully illustrated with portraits, representing the exploits of Parsis in many kinds of sports, games, and athletics, with several special articles. The reading matter is interspersed with innumerable advertisements, which "form part of a Parsi Trade Directory." That, indeed, is the general aspect of the volume, which in its make-up differs somewhat from the usual conventions of book production. It is an interesting record of Parsi versatility; it is a record of their sports, but the quality of reproduction of the portraits is much akin to that of the early group is the Parsi team, which visited F.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes: in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

to their four-footed companions. One ever-popular object of such affection is magnificently served in a monumental work of which I have just received the concluding section—"HUTCHINSON'S DOG ENCYCLOPÆDIA." Edited by Walter Hutchinson. Vol. III.: P to Z. With 857 Black and White Illustrations and 21 Colour Plates (Hutchinson; 17s. 6d.). Considering the lavish scale of illustration and the statement that the whole work has cost £30,000 to produce, the price of this volume seems remarkably moderate. Its two predecessors did not come to me for review, but, judging from the present example, I should say that the complete trilogy will be indispensable to all who have to do with dogs, and in all sporting libraries. "In this final section," we read, "displaying photographs of the most recent winners of certificates at Cruft's, will be seen the world's best in every type, practically all from British kennels. . . . From this country the love of dogs has spread or is spreading all over the world."

Since the war, it is stated, there has been an immeasurable improvement in almost every breed, and

IN THE JUBILEE YEAR BIRTHDAY LIST: PEOPLE HONoured BY THE KING.



BARON BLEDISLOE.
(Viscount.) Lately Governor-General of New Zealand, a position to which he was appointed in 1930. Well known for his keen, expert interest in agricultural matters.



COL. SIR CLIVE WIGRAM.
(Baron.) Private Secretary to the King since 1931. Assistant Private Secretary to his Majesty from 1910 until 1931. Served in the South African War.



SIR FREDERICK E. G. PONSONBY.
(Baron.) Treasurer to his Majesty the King and Keeper of the Privy Purse. Served in South African and European Wars. Deputy Governor of Windsor Castle since 1923.



SIR GEORGE E. MAY, BT.
(Baron.) Chairman of the Import Duties Advisory Committee since 1932. Member of the Council of the Institute of Actuaries. Formerly Secretary of the Prudential.



SIR ARTHUR BALFOUR, BT.
(Baron.) Peerage for public services. Master Cutler of Sheffield, 1911-12. Has been a member of many Government Committees. A Director of the National Provincial Bank.



MR. EDWARD C. GRENFELL.
(Baron.) For political and public services. M.P. for the City of London since 1922. A Director of the Bank of England. A Governor of Harrow School.



SIR WILLIAM J. P. MASON, BT.
(Baron.) Receives his peerage for political and public services in the County of Somerset. High Sheriff of Somerset, 1928-29. Barrister, Middle Temple; N.E. Circuit.



SIR (R.) BURTON CHADWICK.
(Baronet.) The founder and the first Deputy Master of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners. Parliamentary Secretary, Board of Trade, 1924-28. Twice an M.P.



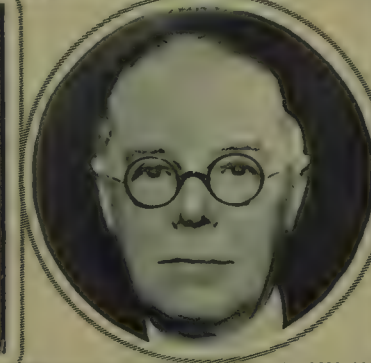
SIR HENRY JACKSON.
(Baronet.) For services in connection with transport questions. M.P. for Cent. Wandsworth, 1924-29 and since 1931. Chairman of Conservative Parliamentary Transport Committee.



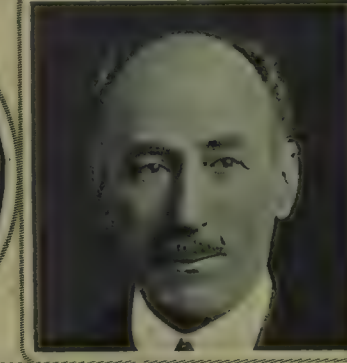
LT.-COL. C. M. HEADLAM.
(Baronet.) M.P. for Barnard Castle. Has been Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty and Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministries of Pension and Transport.



MR. WILLIAM MALLINSON.
(Baronet.) Receives his honour for political and public services, especially in Walthamstow. He is one of the keenest supporters of the Essex County Cricket Club.



MR. WALTER R. REA.
(Baronet.) M.P. for Dewsbury. Chief Whip of the Opposition Liberal Party. Comptroller of the Household, 1931-32. Chairman of Rea, Warren and McLennan, Bankers.



MR. EVAN WILLIAMS.
(Baronet.) LL.D.; D.L. President of the Mining Association of Great Britain. A colliery owner. A Director of Lloyds Bank, and of various other big enterprises.



SIR CRAWFORD McCULLAGH.
(Baronet.) Lord Mayor of Belfast. Member for South Belfast, in the Parliament of Northern Ireland, 1921-25. High Sheriff, 1911. Councillor for Woodvale Ward.



MR. SEYMOUR HICKS.
(Knight.) The well-known actor-manager. A very versatile player long distinguished as a light comedian and in serious rôles. Married Miss Ellaline Terriss.



MR. C. LEONARD WOOLLEY.
(Knight.) The distinguished archaeologist who has done so much fine work, notably at Ur of the Chaldees. Has contributed much material to "The Illustrated London News."



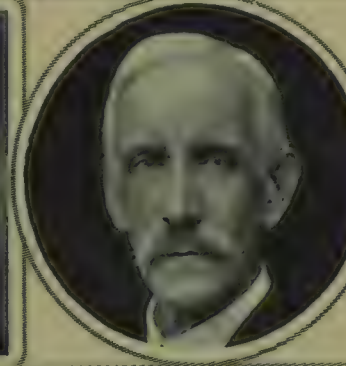
MR. NOEL ASHBRIDGE.
(Knight.) Chief Engineer British Broadcasting Corporation for the last six years. Other B.B.C. honours go to Miss Mary Somerville (O.B.E.) and Mr. Gerald Cock (M.V.O.).



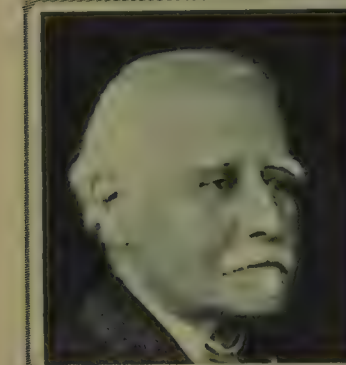
MR. JOHN MASEFIELD.
(Order of Merit.) Poet Laureate since 1930. Receives his honour in recognition of his eminent position in the world of literature. Writer of many famous poems.



DR. R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.
(Order of Merit.) Honoured in recognition of his valuable contributions to British music. Among his works are "Hugh the Drover" and "Sea Symphony."



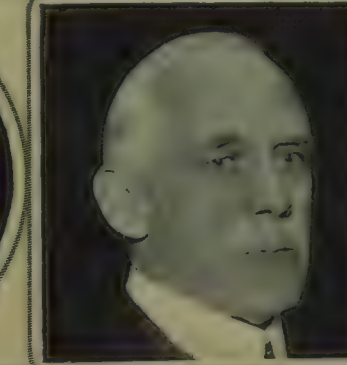
SIR FREDERICK G. HOPKINS.
(Order of Merit.) Receives his honour in recognition of his eminent services to bio-chemistry, especially in connection with the discovery of vitamins. A D.Sc. and an F.R.S.



THE HON. W. NAPIER BRUCE.
(Companion of Honour.) Lately Pro-Chancellor of the University of Wales. Formerly Second Secretary of the Education Board. Called to the Bar, Lincoln's Inn, in 1883.



THE VERY REV. JOHN WHITE.
(Companion of Honour.) Minister of the Barony of Glasgow; First Moderator of the General Assembly of the United Church of Scotland, 1929.



SIR GEORGE NEWMAN.
(G.B.E.) Lately Chief Medical Officer, Ministry of Health and Board of Education. The late Lord Riddell dubbed him "the greatest hygienist since Moses."



MRS. OGILVIE GORDON.
(D.B.E.) Vice-President of the International Council of Women, and former President of the National Council of Women. Honoured for her social work.



MR. WALTER CITRINE.
(K.B.E.) General Secretary of the Trades Union Congress since 1926. President of the International Federation of Trade Unions since 1928. A Director of "The Daily Herald."

THE ART OF IMPERIAL RUSSIA: AN INTERESTING LONDON EXHIBITION.



GLASS GOBLET AND A TEAPOT BY THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FACTORY OF THE TIME OF ELIZABETH I. (1741-61) AND CATHERINE II. (1762-96), BEARING THE IMPERIAL EAGLE AND THE EMPRESSES' MONOGRAMS. (Lent by Prince Vladimir Galitzine.)



A SOUVENIR OF CATHERINE THE GREAT (THE EMPRESS CATHERINE II.): HER PORTFOLIO, OF RED MOROCCO LEATHER EMBROIDERED IN GOLD THREAD AND BEARING HER MONOGRAM (E FOR EKATERINA)—ONE OF VERY FEW SUCH CASES MADE IN RUSSIA.



AN EPILOGUE OF NUMEROUS SACRED RELICS: A SMALL CROSS (4 IN. BY 3 IN.) SAID TO CONTAIN (AMONG MANY OTHERS) PORTIONS OF CHRIST'S CROSS AND GRAVESTONE, BONES OF MARTYRS, JORDAN SAND, AND PART OF AARON'S ROD.



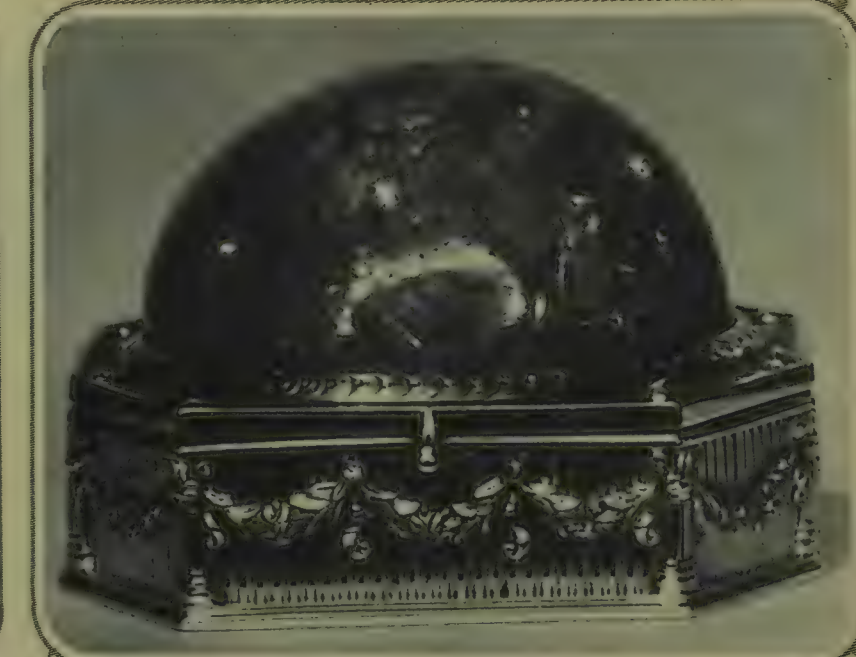
WITH A PEAR-SHAPED BLACK PEARL (KNOWN AS AZRA), FORMERLY A RUSSIAN CROWN JEWEL AND GIVEN BY CATHERINE THE GREAT TO POTEMKIN IN 1783: A PEARL NECKLACE. (Lent by Princess Zeneide Youssouppoff.)



GIVEN BY THE LATE TSAR TO THE TSARINA: A GOLD AND ENAMELLED EASTER EGG, BY FABERGÉ, SURMOUNTED BY A DIAMOND CROWN WHICH, WHEN RAISED (AS HERE), DISCLOSES MINIATURES OF THE TSAR AND TWO OF HIS DAUGHTERS. (Lent by Messrs. Wartski.)



A GOLD CHAIN, WITH THE ROYAL POLISH ORDER OF THE WHITE EAGLE, MADE FOR THE CORONATION OF NICHOLAS I. AS KING OF POLAND, 1829: A WORK BY JOHANN WILHELM KEIBEL. (Lent by Messrs. Wartski.)



SURMOUNTED ON THE LID WITH A CABOCHON EMERALD, WHICH MEASURES ONE AND A-HALF INCHES IN LENGTH: A GOLD BOX SET WITH DIAMONDS. (Lent to the Exhibition by the Queen of Spain.)

The Duchess of Kent opened on June 4, at No. 1, Belgrave Square, a very interesting Exhibition of Russian Art, in aid of the Russian Red Cross—the old organisation which is affiliated to the British Red Cross and carries out relief work among sick and destitute Russians living in this country. The Queen has lent a number of important works of art, while the King of Sweden, Queen Marie of Rumania, the Queen of Spain, and many other royal collectors, have also contributed. The house, in which the exhibition occupies 14 rooms, was lent by Mme. Koch de Gooreynd, and was specially decorated in Russian style by

Mr. V. Doboujinsky, well known for his designs for the Russian and Lithuanian Ballets in London. This exhibition, which will remain open until July 13, ranges over a wide variety of artistic forms, including pictures, sculpture, icons, textiles, silver, furniture, china, glass, books, jewellery, and stage costumes and decoration. Exhibits have come from many European countries and also from America. To quote the catalogue, the exhibition "will, for the first time in history, present to the world outside Russia a picture of Russian Art in its various branches and phases, which does something like justice to its task."

MOBILE PAGEANTRY IN JAPAN: FEUDAL TRAVEL—A DAIMYO'S RETINUE.



A PICTURESQUE REPRESENTATION OF A JAPANESE FEUDAL CHIEFTAIN ON HIS TRAVELS: THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION, WITH SPEARMEN (WHO PERFORMED DANCES DURING HALTS) UPLIFTING THEIR DECORATED LANCES.



"THEN COME THE ARCHERS AND SWORDSMEN," WEARING ENORMOUS CIRCULAR HATS: PART OF A JAPANESE FEUDAL CHIEFTAIN'S TRAVELLING ESCORT SHOWN IN A RECENT PAGEANT.

"IN feudal times," writes a correspondent in Japan who sends these interesting photographs, "Japanese military chieftains were called *daimyo*. In those days travel was arduous and difficult, and was deliberately kept so by the central authorities to lessen the danger of concerted rebellions. Bridges were forbidden. Roads were mere tracks unfit for wheeled traffic. It was a case of walk or be carried. Under these conditions a journey was an event. A man of importance, such as a *daimyo*, travelled in a *kango* (palanquin), escorted by a considerable retinue. Their progress may have been slow, but was certainly impressive. Recently a revival of such a

[Continued below.]



"THE DAIMYO HIMSELF IN A PAINFULLY SMALL PALANQUIN," OR KANGO, BORNE ON THE SHOULDERS OF TWO STALWART HENCHMEN: CRAMPED CONDITIONS OF TRAVEL FOR A MILITARY CHIEFTAIN IN FEUDAL JAPAN RE-ENACTED.



ANCIENT AND MODERN MODES OF TRAVEL IN JAPAN: A MOTOR-CAR FOLLOWING THE REAR OF THE FEUDAL PAGEANT, WITH THE CHIEFTAIN'S BAGGAGE CARRIED BY HUMAN LABOUR AND BY PACK-HORSE.



THE CHIEFTAIN'S HEAVY LUGGAGE BRINGS UP THE REAR: JAPANESE PAGEANT PERFORMERS, IN TIGHTS REPRESENTING TATTOOING OF THE FEUDAL PERIOD, WHO ACTED THEIR PARTS WITH AMUSING REALISM.

[Continued.]

procession was carried out in the Hakone district. The company spent several days going from village to village, enabling local residents and sightseers to visualise the picturesque ways of a past age. The photographs show the procession approaching. Near the front are spearmen with ornamental covers on their spear-heads. Then come archers and swordsmen, and next the *daimyo* himself in a painfully small palanquin. After him follows his luggage, carried in baskets by porters, in small boxes on a pack-horse, and in huge wicker chests on the shoulders of grunting bearers. These men were the most amusing characters in the whole procession. They wore towels tied round their heads, breech-clouts, leggings, and sandals. Since

the originals were, apparently, very generously tattooed, these imitators wore tights cleverly patterned to represent tattoo designs. The men were extremely good actors, making a great fuss over their supposedly heavy load: grunting and staggering about and stopping every few steps for an ostentatious rest. As the procession approached each village the spearmen sang and performed a slow dance. Half-way through each movement the spears were tossed from man to man, the columns changing sides at the same moment. This dance seems actually to have been, at the period represented, one of the *daimyo's* methods of impressing the inhabitants of the villages through which his cavalcade passed during the journey."



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A SIDELIGHT ON "DERBY DAY."

By FRANK DAVIS.

the successful artist in the year after the Indian Mutiny, when money went a great deal further than it does to-day and taxes were next to nothing.

Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to imagine that Frith earned this substantial sum as the result of one visit to Epsom and a couple of weeks' work in his studio. He was the last man to scamp a commission of this character, nor was his talent of the sort that permitted rapid *tours de force*—he was no Rubens, flinging himself at great canvases with a godlike enthusiasm, but a sober Dickensian Pre-Raphaelite, by which I mean a man who took infinite pains without losing his sense of humour. Fifteen months of incessant labour went to the making of "Derby Day," and he drew his models from among his friends and his own children, as well as from the professionals. The acrobat and the little boy were painted from a father and son who were performing in the pantomime at Drury Lane, and the great Tattersall obligingly introduced him to a genuine jockey, one Bundy, "a delightful little fellow," says Frith, "who rode a wooden horse in my studio with all the ease of whip and rein that would have distinguished a winner of the Derby. He surprised me by his endurance of a painful attitude—that of raising himself in his stirrups and leaning forward, in the manner of his tribe. This he would do for an hour at a stretch." Poor Bundy had a fall soon afterwards in France, and was killed; before he left, he told the painter he would rather ride the wildest horse that ever lived than mount the wooden one any more.

You will remember that there are only two horses in the picture, and that they are entirely subsidiary to the rich human comedy of the scene. Frith has a charmingly naïve paragraph on the point. "My determination to keep the horses as much in the background of my 'Derby Day' as possible did not arise from the fact of my not being able to paint them properly, so much as from my desire that the

gift, upon which, in Frith's own writing, can be seen: "Studies for the picture of the Derby Day made for me by Herring Senr.," and "Sketch by Sir E. Landseer done before me." The Herring horses are copied exactly in the finished painting, and it is obvious that the other drawing was a demonstration in equine



HOW LANDSEER HELPED FRITH IN EQUINE ANATOMY: A STUDY BY LANDSEER ON THE SAME SHEET AS THE HERRING HORSES—GIVEN TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM BY SIR PHILIP SASSOON.

Sir Philip Sassoon has made a most interesting gift to the British Museum, where it is now on exhibition in the Department of Prints and Drawings. It consists of studies made by Herring and Landseer to help Frith in painting the horses in his "Derby Day" masterpiece.

anatomy at about the same time by his great friend the animal painter, who concealed beneath an incorrigible sentimentality a serious interest in the structure of his models. Frith acknowledges very handsomely the help he received from Herring. "I am indebted," he writes, "to Herring, one of the best painters of the racehorse I have ever known, for great assistance in the very small share the high-mettled racer has in my work."

To modern ears the words are as quaint as the spread-eagled horse is to modern eyes. This was just before the camera had taught men exactly how horses galloped at speed. Frith, with his passion for meticulous accuracy, would have been the first to study slow-motion photographs had he lived fifty years later. His essential honesty, and his total lack of imagination, are well illustrated by the extraordinary pains he took over each individual figure in the crowd. His employer, Jacob Bell, had a wide range of acquaintances, and would come in frequently and ask what sort of model the painter wanted for such-and-such a figure—fair or dark, long nose or short, Roman or aquiline—and would forage round till he found the right person. Once Frith demanded a handsome fair woman, and Bell produced an actress who was all that could be desired; but he unaccountably and miserably failed "to reproduce the charm that was before me"—so he rubbed her out, and repainted the figure from one of his own daughters, because "I could allow nothing to interfere with the successful production of a work of art." The lady discovered the insult, as she called it, and provided poor Frith with a remarkable exhibition of histrionics.

If one can judge a man by his autobiography, the painter of "Derby Day" must have been a most agreeable character. He is justifiably proud of his success, but his very complacency is modest; he performed the remarkable feat of going to Bruges and Ghent and writing home that there were no pictures at either of these places worth looking at! He quotes a fellow R.A. who watched the crowd round his picture and remarked: "There is no hope for art in this country, when the people are so besotted as to crowd round such a thing as that"; he also notes the existence of "what is called the 'high-aim' school, by which is meant a peculiar people who aim high and nearly always miss; and who very much object to those who aim much lower and happen to hit." To-day, even "the high-aim school"—we have changed their name to "high-brow"—admit that Frith's masterpiece deserves its place in the National Gallery; unlike its immortal painter, we can go to Ghent and find something to admire in Van Eyck.



STUDIES BY HERRING, SENIOR, FOR THE HORSES IN FRITH'S "DERBY DAY"; WITH AN INSCRIPTION TO THAT EFFECT IN FRITH'S HANDWRITING: A GIFT FROM SIR PHILIP SASSOON, BT., M.P., TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



HOW HORSES REALLY GALLOP—AS REVEALED BY THE MOTION-PICTURE CAMERA: A CONTRAST TO THE SPREAD-EAGLED POSE OF HERRING'S HORSE ILLUSTRATED ABOVE.

As Mr. Davis says in his accompanying article, Frith, with his passion for meticulous accuracy, would have been the first to study slow-motion photographs had he lived fifty years later.—[Reproduced by Courtesy of Pathé Sound Gazette.]

Frith had produced his masterpiece. "Derby Day" had been sold before it was painted to Mr. Jacob Bell, whose name is still to be found in the title of a famous firm of dispensing chemists, for £1500, and a similar sum was paid by the dealer Gambart for the right to engrave it. Such were the rewards of

human being should be paramount. Still, it was impossible to avoid the steeds and their riders altogether." He may have been able to paint a horse properly, but he was not the man to embark upon something outside his usual work without obtaining expert advice—and this brings us to Sir Philip Sassoon's

WILKES BY ROUBILIAC: A BUST GIVEN TO THE CORPORATION OF LONDON.



A STORMY PETREL OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY POLITICS BY A SUPREME MASTER OF THE PORTRAIT BUST: JOHN WILKES, BY LOUIS FRANÇOIS ROUBILIAC; PROBABLY FROM THE ROOFLESS DASHWOOD MAUSOLEUM AT WEST WYCOMBE.

A correspondent furnishes us with the following note: "This interesting bust, recently presented to the Corporation of London by the Duke of St. Albans, was sold to his ancestor when the Beefsteak Club [founded c. 1707], where it had long stood, came to an end in 1869. When the authoritative *Life of Roubiliac* came out, in 1928, it was inaccessible, but was then accurately described as the earliest, prophetically as the most interesting, of all Wilkes's portraits. It proves to be the only one, indeed, which in any way explains his fascination. Its condition proves that it must have been exposed to the weather; its character—very shallow from back to front but quite unfinished behind—that it once stood in a niche which protected the head. . . . Before the death of the sculptor, Wilkes had for some years been intimate with members of the notorious Hell-Fire Club, especially with its President, Sir Francis Dashwood. As Roubiliac is known to have made a lost bust of the Laureate of the Club, Paul Whitehead, it is

a priori probable that he made portraits of its members; and as the colossal roofless Mausoleum, built by Dashwood to commemorate his family and friends outside the church of West Wycombe, Bucks, is full of shallow niches which once contained busts of his circle, it is highly probable that the Wilkes was among them. . . . It is a reasonable theory that, when Wilkes became the most famous man in England, Dashwood himself may have presented it to the Beefsteak Club, of which both were members. It is a matter for profound satisfaction that a work so interesting should now be secured for ever to the City of London, as a permanent memorial of a man whose fame, as opposed to his notoriety, rests on his connection with the City. That its subtlety of modelling explains the charm which won the heart of Dr. Johnson is the happy result of Wilkes having sat to Roubiliac, the greatest master of the portrait bust in the history of our sculpture." Roubiliac, we may add, was French by birth, but worked in England.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

ECHO OF ARTISTIC JUBILATION: MARIE TEMPEST.

AT Drury Lane the other day, the world of drama, in all the ramifications the words imply, paid fitting homage to England's queen of her profession—Marie Tempest. Her title is undisputed, and if some reader would interpose: "But what about Dame Madge Kendal?" I would reply: "I dinna forget; but Dame Madge is the all-honoured queen who has retired, while Marie Tempest is the reigning sovereign of our stage." I am among the fortunate—in respect of recollections, not of period—who were present when Marie made her début in "Boccaccio" at the Comedy. I had scarcely six weeks ere that cast my anchor in London, and I went to see Franz in Suppé's immortal operette because, coming from Amsterdam, where French and German *opéra-bouffe* reigned supreme in the 'eighties, I was steeped in the works of Suppé and Strauss. I knew nearly every note (as one says, generalising), and, although I was already a dramatic critic in the 'eighties, I had seen "Boccaccio" half-a-dozen times and "Fledermaus" twice that number. So I went to find out what English actors and musicians made of text and score. Well, I faintly remember that it was all very nice; but I was most impressed by the personality, the charm, the *savoir-faire* of a young person in a smallish part whose features and face I could never forget. Those brilliant eyes were like bright lights; that little nose had a charm all its own; the whole of the piquant *muscu*—charming French word—of her Sèvres-like figure, of her dainty hands, and her exquisite feet with an aristocratic instep, were as Parisian as the *ville lumière* makes them. And yet Miss Tempest is British born, and all she owes to France is her convent education. She is now, as she was then, an exquisite bit of living porcelain, rousing imaginations of minuets and sallies worthy of Mme. de

impelled to proffer her anything but praise. When she produced plays that failed to attract, as is the fate of all managers and artists, the fault lay not with her. On the contrary, she has carried many a weighty load on her own shoulders; the more despairing the cause, the greater her effort. In all the phases of her life, Marie Tempest has never been faint-hearted. Her "I am I" defied all vicissitudes. For she is not only a great artist, but a great character. As such she was honoured at the National Theatre by her

fun, we get a team which keeps the stage alive and spreads its infectious hilarity over the footlights. The entertainment sparkles with genuine fooling and good humour.

At the Duke of York's the scene is the hectic gaming-tables at which "Roulette" is played, and the theme turns seriously on the disease of gambling and the passion of love. But here style fails to impose its unity and we get a disturbing conflict. Comedy forces itself at the expense of the emotional truth, and Lisl, the bride, acts

in an unreal sphere, posing as a *cocotte* while her heart breaks at the tragic obsession of her husband. Miss Hella Kurty plays with delicate skill and winning grace, and in those scenes with Loulou, which Miss Margaret Rawlings so brilliantly describes, we are in a world as artificial and amusing as the theatre can invent. It is no fault of the players—of Mr. Nigel Patrick or Miss Hella Kurty—that just where the superficial picture is most effective in its fidelity the essential truth breaks down. We have stepped out of artifice without preparation. There is the merit of individual performance—and Mr. Austin Trevor shares with Miss Rawlings in the two most authentic characterisations—and the skill of production; but the failure to fuse the



"ROULETTE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE: THE SETTING FOR THE LAST ACT; SHOWING THE CASINO BAR AND THE GAMBLERS CROWDING ROUND THE TABLE IN THE BACKGROUND.

"Roulette," which is reviewed on this page, is a play adapted from the Hungarian of Laszlo Fodor by Harry Graham. The cast includes Nigel Patrick, Hella Kurty, Austin Trevor, and Margaret Rawlings, who all give admirable performances.

Sovereign, her fellow-workers, and all the world of her innumerable admirers.

UNITY OF STYLE.

What is it which gives a play that indefinable distinction we call style? No matter what kind of entertainment, grave or gay, nor what convention is observed, new or old—if the play has style as one of its assets, then its victory is half-won. This was the delight of that bright, intelligent, and lovely revue, "Shall We Reverse?" at the Comedy. This delicious entertainment conveys the feeling of creation, though its material and texture is of the lightest, and so stands above the average of revues. The music is tuneful, though not particularly original, the dancing is pleasing and graceful, though not specially striking or unusual; the chorus is good, though not more than adequate; the settings are picturesque, the *ensemble* of players in the period decoration for which the Regency and the Victorian era offer scope presents a pictorially animated scene—and such is the style, such is the subtle blending and balance, that in combination we have a brilliant revue. Of course, behind it is the live sparkle of a witty idea, a joke that, repeating itself in its course through the ages, gathers momentum, a joke that is good enough to score in every fresh repetition. The Time Machine carries the situation back to the Stone Age, and Miss Sydney Fairbrother transforms from grandmother to witch-doctor; Mr. Robert Hale, as parent of the young lady we may call June, is continually in the same embarrassing fix; and June herself is always vivacious and decorative, with Mr. Edward Cooper as the shy young lover. Add to these the amusing contributions and variations provided by Miss Gertrude Musgrove and Miss Queenie Leonard, and the trip through the ages is a light and gay journey that is without doldrums as it speeds merrily through the evening.

At the Gaiety, the fooling is not devised so much on the ingenuity of a repeated joke as on a story absurd enough to provide complications which the players can turn to advantage. It is an old convention, this mixing of identities, but a staple of fun, nevertheless, when it is cleverly done. In "Gay Deceivers," romance is discreetly involved to add its touches of grace; farce is entangled to supply its meed of laughter; and the moonlight and the music give the atmosphere which this kind of light-hearted amusement requires for its setting. With Mr. Clifford Mollison and Mr. David Hutcheson to start complications by mixed identities on their decorative island, Miss Gina Malo to charm with lovesick tokens, and Miss Claire Luce to delight with spirited waywardness; with clever dances and neat lyrics for a diversion, and Miss Charlotte Greenwood to break in with Mr. Walter Williams in broad burlesque and roystering

opposing moods and establish one unifying style is the central weakness of the play.

It is my criticism of the production of "Othello," at the Westminster, that the style of the players fails to harmonise, for, while Mr. Walter's Othello has all the shape of the traditional, preserving the music of the Shakespearean line, Mr. Anthony Ireland's Iago is so modern in its attack that, though an intelligent reading in itself, to me it does not blend; and, moreover, the verse suffered. Miss Dorice Fordred's Desdemona was a beautiful performance, full of understanding and pathos; and Mr. Hugh Hunt is to be congratulated on the capable way he has put this big tragedy on to his little stage, still preserving the sense of space.



"SHALL WE REVERSE?", AT THE COMEDY THEATRE: ROBERT HALE AS THE FIRST CRITIC, JUNE AS CAROLINE, HIS DAUGHTER, AND CLARE LINDSAY AS HIS WIFE, IN THE SCENE ENTITLED "ATHENS."

This new musical play by Arthur Macrae and Dennis Van Thal, presented by André Charlot and Robert Nesbitt at the Comedy, is reviewed on this page.

Stæd. A long leap brings me to "The Red Hussar," the daintiest military figure that ever graced the male uniform. "The Red Hussar" was the topic of London, and the adored of the *jeunesse dorée*. What sculptural lines, what grace of gesticulation, what delicious pertness of delivery, as glamorous as the sword she knew so well to draw; above all, what witchery of smile—a smile as "fetching," as unique, as the ocular fireworks of Hortense Schneider, the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein.

But anon came greater, more intrinsically artistic work—Peg Woffington, Nell Gwynn, Becky Sharp; at length the summit, in "The Marriage of Kitty"—triumph upon triumph—a living portrait-gallery. And to think that Marie Tempest never crossed the Channel to impress the foreigner with her genius as great as Réjane, who became a constant, ever-welcome guest in London! Still, if not in person, in name at any rate, Marie Tempest is as famous on the Continent as in England and America: to the itinerant foreigner of culture, a visit to Marie Tempest's theatre was as urgent a rite as to see Irving, Ellen Terry, and Beerbohm Tree. In general, the great, the paramount gift of this superb actress is that she has never failed in any of the countless parts which she has created. Never in all my career have I seen an unfavourable criticism of her; never have I, witnessing all her premières, been



SEYMOUR HICKS AND ELLALINE TERRISS IN A REAL OLD-FASHIONED MELODRAMA: "THE MIRACLE MAN" AT THE VICTORIA PALACE THEATRE.

"The Miracle Man," by Seymour Hicks, from the book of the same name by Frank L. Packard, brings to London a melodrama in which the author-actor shines as a gentleman crook and Ellaline Terriss makes a brilliant return to the stage. A knighthood was conferred on Mr. Seymour Hicks in the Birthday Honours.



She said to me : *The favourite got home in a canter . . !*

I said to her : *I've got the favourite at home in a DEcanter . . !*

Tired after a day on the course, it's good to relax over a glass of Johnnie Walker. In this rare old whisky there's a kindly comfort which comes from its age and long keeping. As soon as you lift the glass to your lips, the bouquet makes its fragrance known. And when you taste this traditional spirit of the Highlands, you realise that you are drinking whisky of unusual merit.

Johnnie

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By Appointment to

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Born 1820 - still going strong

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

I MUST congratulate the directors of Humber, Ltd., of Coventry, on their present cars, especially the Humber Snipe foursome coupé. I do not think that I ever drove a more comfortable car. It was a terrible day, too, and I encountered one of the fiercest rain-storms, on the Great North Road, that this country has experienced for some time. Yet, wet and slippery as some road surfaces become under such circumstances, the conditions neither slowed the car nor affected its steadiness and freedom from skidding. Alas! another make of car driven by a woman some hundred yards ahead of me crashed head-first into a stationary lorry, completely wrecking the car and killing the driver instantly. But the Humber Snipe coupé weathered the storm like a battleship. It certainly confirmed my impression that you cannot buy a better car at its price, as it is a high-class job in all its details. By the way, a pleasant fortnight's holiday is promised any owner of a Humber or Hillman car who takes advantage



THE NEWLY APPOINTED GENERAL MANAGER OF THE INDIA TYRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, LTD., INCHINNAN, SCOTLAND: MR. W. C. THORNE, WHO IS ALSO A DIRECTOR OF THE INVERESK PAPER COMPANY, LTD.

of the "autovacation" which is being organised to the South of France from July 28 to Aug. 10. The destination is that comfortable hotel at Cap Martin half-way between Monte Carlo and Mentone. And one can keep warm there and rely on having sunshine and splendid bathing. Also the cost is moderate. Thus two persons on a Hillman car are charged £21 17s. 6d. each for the fortnight, and £21 9s. 6d. each for four persons on a Humber Snipe. So the more you carry on your car the less the price each pays. Full details can be obtained from Humber, Ltd., Coventry, or from Autocheques, Ltd., Piccadilly House, Regent Street, London, W.1. It is rather like a private Rally, as it is excellent fun for a whole crowd to set off for one general meeting-place, halting at the various interesting towns *en route*. Visit Carcassonne, for instance, with its Simon de Montfort's fortifications still intact. Moreover, English folk are receiving extra-hearty welcome from French inn-keepers these days, and prices are not soaring to great heights in the provinces, whatever they may be in Paris. Away from there and the too

fashionable centres, a franc is still a franc in provincial places.

Mr. A. F. Sidgreaves, Managing Director of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., writes me that for the first time since the war the general public were admitted to the Rolls-Royce Works at Derby on Empire Day last year. A small charge for admission was made, and in two days more than 12,000 people, including parties

from London, made a tour of the works. More than £250 was collected and handed to the Royal Air Force Memorial Fund. This year the works were thrown open for one day only, and the number of visitors was 9139. This means that the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund will benefit to the extent of £277 18s. 6d. The pleasing factor, outside of its excellent benevolence, is that this large number of visitors is indicative of the interest taken by the public in motoring and aviation generally.

I think the motor industry owes its popular place in public estimation to us writers. Not for a moment do I, for one, expect any of the leading members to

[Continued overleaf.]



A TRIUMPH-GLORIA IN A PICTURESQUE WOODLAND SETTING: THE LONG LOW LINES OF THE CAR CONTRASTING WITH THE TALL AND SLENDER TREE-TRUNKS.

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This report concerning "the wonderful second-hand value of Austin cars" is very gratifying and illuminating. For Austins would not command the highest prices in the used-car market unless they gave the most efficient and lasting service to their owners. Motorists and intending motorists, therefore, will do well to remember this obvious truth—if a car is worth more when you sell it, then it must be worth more when you *buy* it. Which is another way of saying:

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Continued. acknowledge publicly this help. They do write me (and I expect other writers) a personal letter sometimes, thanking me for some remark which seemed to please them, but they are highly sensitive to any criticism. All cars are good to-day, but every one has some weakness. I have always told makers for goodness' sake to tell me what to look out for before I take a trial run in their goods, then it cannot happen, as you are prepared for it. Last year the electric petrol-pumps gave a heap of nasty irritating minor troubles, but until one found that out for oneself, not a single seller told his customer to look out for it, and, more important still, how to cure it if it happened. Readers of these notes may remember that I gave the cures myself twelve months ago. This year (touching wood) I have not had any of the 1935 models break down, so I have no personal-experience warnings to give so far, but neither I nor the motoring public can expect the perfect car yet—if at any time—wonderful value and improved as they are to-day. But I know something is lurking in the machines which may be a weakness. This year it is taking longer to show itself, which is a tribute to designers and producers. It is also another important factor to abolish dates and to rate cars by their series number, as Lord Nuffield's firm has copied from Rolls-Royce, who adopted that system in new car production umpteen years ago, in the late Mr. Claude Johnson's time as managing director.

As usual, Wakefield's Castrol lubricated the engine of the winning Bugatti, driven by the Hon. B. E.

Lewis, son of Lord Essenden, who won the 201½ miles Mannin Moar race "round the houses" at Douglas, Isle of Man. His average speed was 75.57 m.p.h., fifty times round this slightly longer than four miles

expected to repeat his success on the Alfa-Romeo Monoposto car last year and on another Alfa-Romeo in 1933. In that year, over a different course, the race was won by him at 64.23 m.p.h., which he increased to 75.34 m.p.h. in 1934. This year the course had an additional hairpin bend added, which counterbalanced the faster pace of the present racing cars, so the speed was only slightly increased to 75.57 m.p.h., as already mentioned.

Englishmen and Britishers generally were very pleased that the English Automobile racing syndicate's make of car won the Mannin Beg race on the Wednesday previous to the Friday of the larger car Mannin Moar. In a way, this victory was appropriate, as this four-cylinder 1090 E.R.A. car was driven by Mr. "Pat" G. Fairfield, who was born in Liverpool, which helps to provide Douglas with the bulk of its visitors, and the car itself had made its debut in this race in 1934, but did not finish. Also the E.R.A. folk had the hardest of luck in the Mannin Moar race, as the two-litre (2000 c.c.) E.R.A., driven by Raymond Mays, was in third place on the final circuit, but the gear-box seized up half-way round, so he did not finish. And now the new international rules are out, I have every confidence that Mr. Humphrey Cook, Mr. Mays, and their designer, Mr. Peter Berthon, will produce a new car which will walk away from the

"3.3 Bugs" and "Alfas" as their small car did from the other competitors in the Mannin Beg race. Fairfield won at 67.29 m.p.h., and Freddy Dixon, the "tough guy," as he is affectionately styled by the racing fraternity, finished second on his Riley, at 64.13 m.p.h.



A ROYAL VISIT TO THE FORD WORKS AT DAGENHAM: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER LANDING FROM THE SPEEDBOAT IN WHICH HE TRAVELLED FROM WESTMINSTER PIER.

His Royal Highness, who was accompanied by Major R. T. Stanyforth, M.V.O., M.C., was received by Mr. A. R. Smith, General Manager of the Ford Motor Company, and Mr. H. S. Cooper, the Secretary. He drove round the works, which occupy a site of six hundred acres, in one of the new V-8 Tourers.

circuit. But as he drove the largest car competing in the race, and Lord Howe and Mr. Noel Rees, who owned this latest £4000 Grand Prix French racing machine, had taken infinite trouble and care to hand it over to the driver in perfect condition, Lewis was

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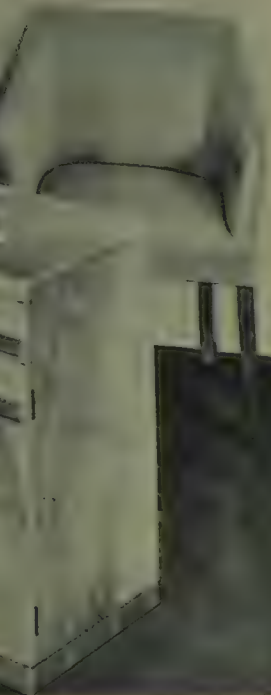


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9	3	x	6	4	6	6	0	12	4	x	10	3	13	11	0	15	2	x	12	1	19	17	6
9	5	x	9	4	9	6	6	13	1	x	10	4	14	9	6	15	10	x	11	5	19	7	6
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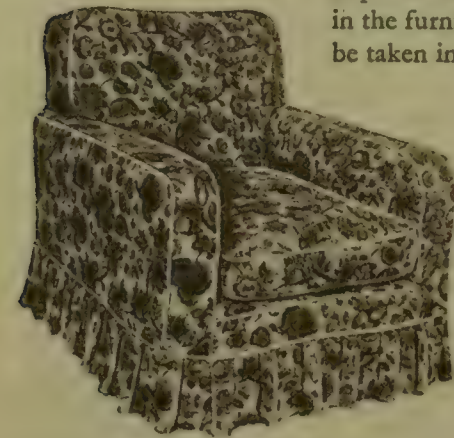
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NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

BY EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E. F.R.G.S.

SAN SEBASTIÁN—SPAIN'S SUMMER RESORT BY THE SEA.

NO seaside resort in the world has a finer situation than San Sebastián. Built on a promontory which stretches in sickle-shape around a bay of shell-like form, Bahia de La Concha, the bay crowned on either side of its entrance with a rocky mount, whilst a small isle, with high cliffs, lies in the fairway, breaks the force of the waves, and adds to the picturesqueness of the scene, San Sebastián has a distant background of lofty mountains, and by its side a wide river, to complete the beauty of its setting. One of the finest and most modern cities in Spain, San Sebastián owes its prosperity to its devotion to the Liberal cause during the Carlist wars. From motives of gratitude, Queen Isabella II. visited it in the year 1845, and liked it so much that it became her favourite resort, and it was developed accordingly as a royal resting-place. Under the Monarchist régime, when the Court was in residence, there was no smarter



THE BATHING BEACH AT SAN SEBASTIÁN: A VIEW FROM MIRA CONCHA, SHOWING PART OF THE TOWN AND PROMENADES SKIRTING THE BAY.

centre in Spain than San Sebastián, and Spanish society has the same regard still for this charming watering-place, with a climate in the summer that is cool, sunny, and bracing, and it remains the gayest and the best of Spain's summer seaside resorts.

It curves around the Bay of La Concha in crescent form, and here is the famous Concha promenade, thickly lined with trees, laid out at one end with delightful gardens, and having on one side the beach of yellow sand and on the other many of the magnificent hotels for which San Sebastián is famed; whilst here, too, is the Palace of Miramar, formerly the summer residence of the Spanish monarchs. At the back the ground rises gently to quite high hills, where elegant chalets nestle amongst luxuriant vegetation, and beyond Concha there is another fine promenade—the Republica—which skirts the coast and passes around the heights of Urgull, on which the fort of Castillo de la Mota stands guard. Splendid avenues, tree-planted, and handsome boulevards grace the city, and the shops are as smart and the restaurants as gay as those of any European capital.

San Sebastián received its charter in the twelfth century: its nearness to the frontier invested it with strategical and diplomatic importance. Armies, either Spanish or French, often passed through it, and it was often



SAN SEBASTIÁN: A VIEW FROM MONTE IGUELDO, SHOWING THE ISLAND OF STA. CLARA (RIGHT FOREGROUND) AND MONTE URGULL (ON THE LEFT) ACROSS THE WATER.

besieged and sometimes burnt down—notably during the Peninsular War by the allied troops—but this devastation and modern development have left some of the old-time houses, and you will find them in odd corners near the harbour, where the fishing quarter provides scenes picturesque and characteristic of life in this part of Spain. Here are the sixteenth-century parish church of San Vicente, with a fine reredos, and the Town Hall, in which there are pictures and objects of historical interest.

Life in San Sebastián is full of interest. There is always a series of festivities in the leading hotels during the season; there are theatrical performances and concerts at the Kursaal and at the Kursaal of Igueldo; [Continued overleaf.]



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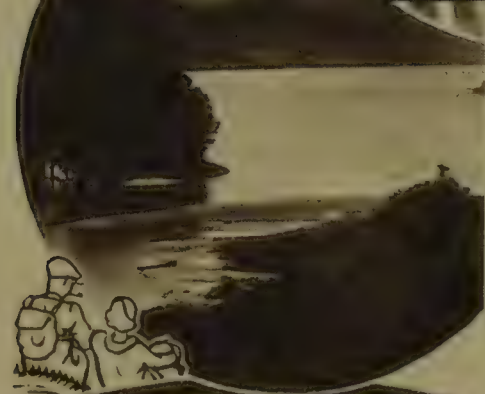
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Continued. whilst at the Gran Casino there is the additional attraction of the tables, with roulette and baccarat. Sport is taken very seriously, and apart from the splendid bathing facilities on Concha beach, there are good tennis courts at Ondarreta and elsewhere, and a golf course at Lasarte. La Concha Bay affords plenty of room for yachting and boating, and regattas are held there during the season. San Sebastián has a racing track for motor trials; in July there are horse races at the Hippodrome of Lasarte on a grand scale, and nowhere will you see games of the Basque *pelota* better played, for San Sebastián is the capital of the Spanish province of Guipúzcoa, the Basque country; and apart from being able to see *pelota* played by the finest players, you do not have to go far afield to hear Basque music and to see those curious dances of the Basque people—the fandango, the auresku, the ariñ-ariñ, the espata-dantza, and others, the origin of which equals the mystery of the Basque tongue!

As a centre for excursions and motor tours, San Sebastián is admirable. When you have made the ascent by funicular to the top of Monte Igeldo and enjoyed the marvellous panorama of La Concha, the Bay of Biscay, and the Pyrenees which it provides, you can go by electric tram-car to Fuenterrabia, a picturesque old town, with steep, narrow streets and gabled houses with overhanging upper storeys, fine old walls, and a fortress, reminding one of the serious fighting it has witnessed; by rail and tramway, *via* Renteria, to Pasajes, a typical Basque port, with colourful houses; and by road or rail to the seaside resort of Zarauz, with its Torre Luzca, one of the most impressive specimens of Basque tower-houses, and to Tolosa, where you will see remarkable examples of Basque architecture at the Caserio Areche and the parish church of Santa Maria; whilst a holiday in San Sebastián should certainly include a visit to nearby Loyola, the birthplace of St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus, and where a magnificent monastery commemorates his name.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SOMEONE AT THE DOOR," AT THE NEW.

THERE is excellent satire, though it is not well worked out, in this story of an unsuccessful journalist who finds, to his disgust, that all the most remunerative features in the popular press are written by ex-convicts, ex-Cabinet Ministers, and reprieved murderers. He decides to become a notorious character himself. By pretending to murder his sister, he hopes to fill the front pages of the sensational press for several weeks. Then, when the noose is almost round his neck, his sister will appear, and from that moment commissions will pour in for articles on "How it Feels to be Nearly Hanged," and so on. For some reason, the authors allowed this excellent idea to drop after the first act, and the play developed into the usual crook drama.

The hero's sister, who is hidden in a Priest Hole known only to themselves, discovers these stolen jewels of immense value. Thereupon everyone, including a surly butler, a cheery land-owner, and even an inspector of police, reveals himself as a crook of the deepest dye. Hidden hands that switched lights on and off—shots in the dark—mysterious sliding doors—thunder-storms. In short, the mixture as before. Still, an excellent mixture for the unsophisticated playgoer. Mr. Henry Kendall gave a boisterously humorous performance as the budding journalist; suggesting that he might, by sheer audacity, get some sort of job in Fleet Street. He got little support from Mr. William Fox as "Charles, his Friend," but the remainder of the cast were more than adequate.

"GOLDEN ARROW," AT THE WHITEHALL.

This play, if it wins the success the applause on the first night suggests it may, will do so solely on its dialogue. The authors have made no attempt at characterisation—so little, indeed, that the producer has cast that player of stodgy English rôles, Mr. Cecil Parker, for the part of a volatile Frenchman, and Mr. Laurence Olivier, who is at his best as a volatile foreigner, for the part of a stodgy Englishman. The story, such as it is and as far as it goes, concerns a sophisticated young American woman who falls in love with an M.P. So much are they in love

that they conduct most of their stage courtship in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons! Next they are found living together, and when the M.P. refuses to take his mistress to a Peace Conference, she follows him there in the company of the Frenchman, whose intentions are neither peaceful nor honourable.

Mr. Cecil Parker and Mr. Laurence Olivier do their best with rôles that suit them not at all. Miss Greer Garson makes a success as the heroine, but the part has not sufficient depth for one to judge of her skill as an actress. The brilliant dialogue, some of it extremely daring, may, however, win the play success.

"NIGHT MUST FALL," AT THE DUCHESS.

This is the best murder play for many years. There is no mystery about it. From the prologue we learn that a young man has committed two murders, for which he will assuredly hang. Then the author takes us to a bungalow in an Essex forest. This act is one of the funniest seen on the stage for many months, despite the fact that most of it is taken up with recording that the decapitated body of a woman in a nearby boarding-house has been discovered; that the Boots in that hotel has seduced the maid in the bungalow; and that from the moment of Mr. Emlyn Williams's entrance we know that he will assuredly murder the hypochondriacal mistress.

Though it deals with death, the play is full of life and observation. All the characters live. Miss Kathleen Harrison, departing for once from her adenoidal Cockney servant-girls, gives a most amusing performance as a straight-talking Yorkshire woman. Dame May Whitty has seldom done anything better than the greedy, selfish mistress. The acting throughout is of the highest quality. Best of all is Mr. Emlyn Williams's study of the murderer. Though you know what is going to happen, yet there is tension throughout. It is a remarkable performance that carries conviction, and one can imagine amateur students of criminology going again and again, with a view to satisfying themselves as to whether the boy is an epileptic or not. As memorable a play as "The Old Ladies," and should be visited at once, for, though it should run a year, it might easily run less than a month.

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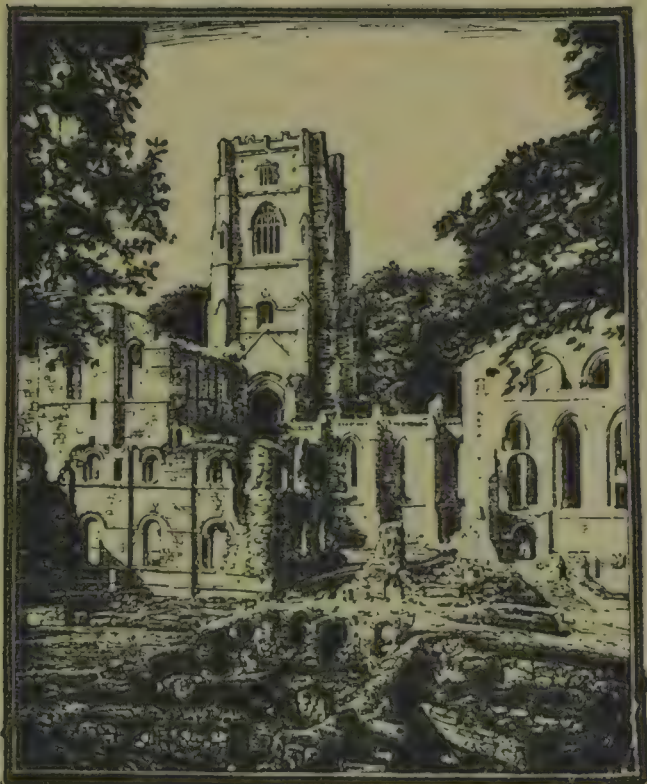
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LUCERNE and its lovely lake. A perfect centre for motoring and touring the country.



Photo: A.R. Blythe



Fountains Abbey

By Sydney Lee, R.A.

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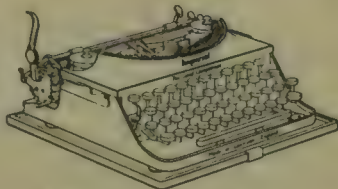
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THE GLYNDEBOURNE MOZART FESTIVAL.

THE opera "Die Zauberflöte" ("The Magic Flute"), with which the five weeks' season opened at Mr. John Christie's beautiful little opera house at Glyndebourne, near Lewes, in Sussex, is one of the most difficult works to present adequately on the stage in the operatic repertory. So much so that its greatness is rarely appreciated fully by those who see it in the average opera house, even in those of international repute. It was, therefore, natural that, after the great success achieved at Glyndebourne last year, when the opera house opened with "Cosi fan Tutte" and "Figaro," Mr. Christie should have been ambitious to have "Die Zauberflöte" produced this year. His artists have risen splendidly to the occasion. Fritz Busch, the famous ex-conductor of the Dresden Opera House; Carl Ebert, the producer from Berlin, who is one of the most highly gifted producers of our time; and Hamish Wilson, the designer of the scenery and a discovery of Mr. Christie's, have between them made possible the finest production of this masterpiece that it has been my good fortune to hear. Mr. Christie may now congratulate himself that in two seasons his Glyndebourne Opera House has made an international reputation, and that we may speak as proudly of our Glyndebourne Festival as Austrians do of their Salzburg Festival or as Germans do of Bayreuth.

The casts, as at these other famous musical centres, are international—even more widely international than elsewhere, for in "Die Zauberflöte" alone we find German, Swedish, Australian,

American, Welsh, South African, Finnish, Czech, Austrian, Norwegian, and English singers. Apart from the individual excellence of the cast, due to careful selection, a feature of this production of "Die Zauberflöte" is the remarkable excellence of the ensemble singing and the beautiful balance between the voices and the orchestra. But even technical excellence would not produce the effect obtained if it did not proceed from a vital conception of the work as a whole by the conductor, Fritz Busch, and the producer, Carl Ebert.

What makes this production memorable and remarkable is the right understanding of Mozart's last opera as revealed in its presentation. This is strikingly shown by the imaginative lighting of all the difficult scenes in the second act, where the right suggestion of mystery, without any trace of mystery-mongering, must be achieved. In this Carl Ebert has been magnificently successful, and I hope that he will not listen to any suggestion that some of his scenes were too dark, for I found them all transparent and sufficiently clear, although veiled.

The principal parts were all successfully taken. The tenor, Walter Ludwig, is somewhat too forceful, as German tenors are all apt to be, but that can be remedied. The Sarastro of Ivar Andréson, on the first night, was not quite all that we expect from this fine bass, to whom the part is naturally so suited, but this was probably due to his being temporarily not in his best form. John Brownlee made a splendid Oer Sprecher, a part that is usually inadequately performed. The Finnish soprano, Aulikki Rautawaara, gave just the right touch to the part of Pamina; and Mila Kočová, the Czech soprano, who was the Königin der Nacht, showed that she had the capacity for the part, although I expect her to do even better in subsequent performances.

The revived "Cosi fan Tutte" was even better than last year's wonderful production, due partly to a subtler performance of John Brownlee as the Don Alfonso. Both these productions are enough to establish the fame of any opera house, and Mr. John Christie must be proud indeed that he has given to all these fine artists a real opportunity to show what they can do.

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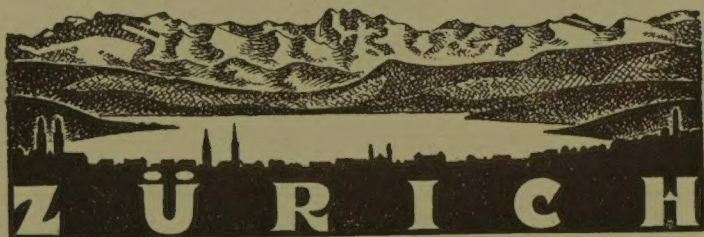
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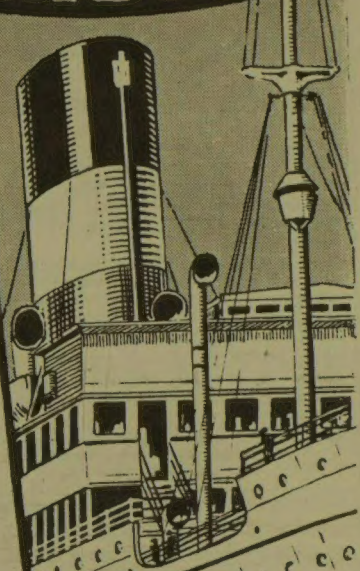
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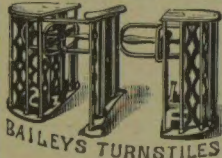
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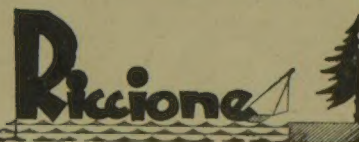


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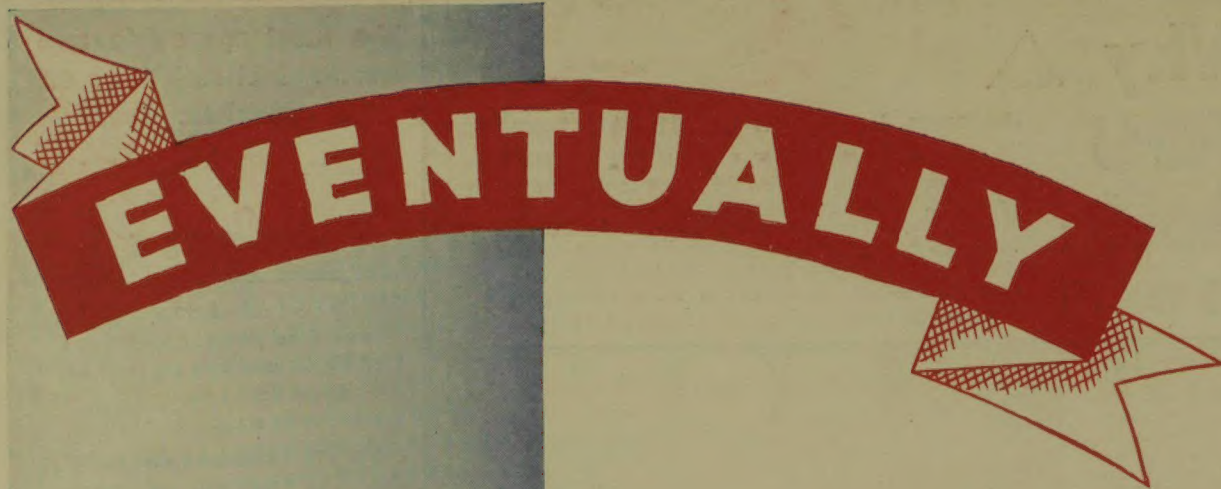
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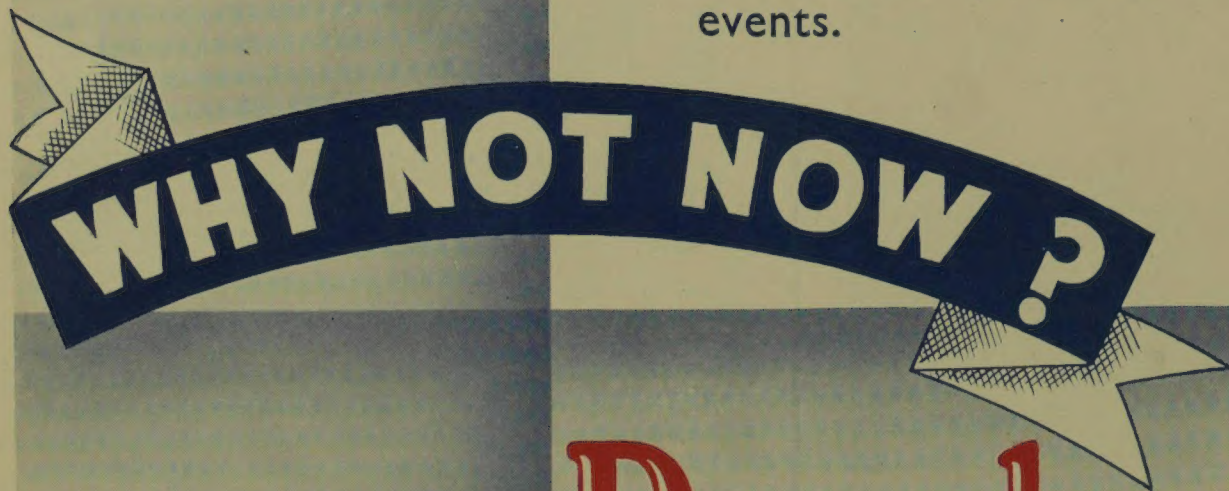
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